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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Say, human Seraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that soul, which animates each line,
And how it runs with such a graceful ease,
Loaded with pond'rous sense. — We are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 't is employs the blest, what makes their bliss;
Songs such as WATTS's are, and love like his.

GROVE.

Sov'reign of Sacred Verse! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praise. —
No vulgar themes thy pious Muse engage,
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page:
You in majestic numbers mount the skies,
And meet descending angels as you rise,
Whose just applauses charm the crowded groves,
And Addison thy tuneful song approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each sprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muse is thine.

} BRITANNICUS.

VOL. VII.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

BRITISH
MUSEUM



BRITISH MUSEUM

VOL. VII

PRINTED AT THE APOLLO PRESS, BY THE MESSRS. J. & J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, LONDON.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ISAAC WATTS, D.D.
VOL. VII.

CONTAINING HIS
DIV. HYMNS FOR SERMONS, MISCEL. THOUGHTS,
DIV. SONGS FOR CHILDREN, INSCRIPTIONS,
MOR. SONGS FOR CHILDREN, EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS,
&c. &c. &c.

Now first collected together from the Quarto edition of 1753.

Hail, heav'n-born Muse! that with celestial flame
And high seraphick numbers durst attempt
To gain thy native skies. — With thought sublime
And high sonorous words, thou sweetly sing'st
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height stupendous, while thou soar'st
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father.

STANDEN.

Seraphick heights I seem to gain
And sacred transports feel
While WATTS! to thy celestial strain
Surpris'd I listen still.
The gliding streams their course forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending forest lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget.

PHILOMELA.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

THE
 POLITICAL WORKS
 OF
 ISAAC WATTS, D.D.
 VOL. VI.

CONTAINING HIS
 DIVINE SERVICE, WITH A PREFACE, THOUGHTS,
 DIVISIONS FOR CHILDREN, INSCRIPTIONS,
 MISCELLANEOUS, AND OTHER, ENGLISH,
 &c.



EDINBURGH
 AT THE BOOKSellers, BY THE MARRIAGE
 1782.

DIVINE HYMNS.

Composed on the Subjects of the Sermons,

FOR SERM. I. II. AND III.

The inward witness to Christianity.

Long Metre.

QUESTIONS and doubts be heard no more;
Let Christ and joy be all our theme,
His spirit seals his gospel sure
To ev'ry soul that trusts his name.

2. Jesus! thy witness speaks within;
The mercy which thy words reveal
Refines the heart from sense and sin,
And stamps its own celestial seal.

3. 'Tis God's inimitable hand
That moulds and forms the heart anew;
Blasphemers can no more withstand,
But bow and own thy doctrine true.

4. The guilty wretch that trusts thy blood
Finds peace and pardon at the cross;
The sinful soul averse to God
Believes and loves his Maker's laws.

5. Learning and Wit may cease their strife
When miracles with glory shine;
The voice that calls the dead to life
Must be almighty and divine.

A 113

The same. Common Metre.

WITNESS ye saints that Christ is true;
 Tell how his name imparts
 The life of grace and glory too;
 Ye have it in your hearts. 4

2. The heav'nly building is begun
 When ye receive the Lord;
 His hands shall lay the crowning stone,
 And well perform his word. 8

3. Your souls are form'd by wisdom's rules,
 Your joys and graces shine;
 You need no learning of the schools
 To prove your faith divine. 12

4. Let Heathens scoff and Jews oppose,
 Let Satan's bolts be hurl'd,
 There's something wrought within you shows
 That Jesus saves the world. 16

FOR SERM. IV.

Flesh and spirit, or, The principles of sin and holiness.

WHAT vain desires and passions vain
 Attend this mortal clay!
 Oft' have they pierc'd my soul with pain
 And drawn my heart astray. 4

2. How have I wander'd from my God,
 And following sin and shame
 In this vile world of flesh and blood
 Defil'd my nobler frame! 8

3. For ever blessed be thy grace,
That form'd my spirit new,
And made it of an heav'n-born race,
Thy glory to pursue.

4. My spirit holds perpetual war,
And wrestles and complains,
And views the happy moment near
That shall dissolve its chains.

5. Cheerful in death I close my eyes
To part with ev'ry lust,
And charge my flesh whene'er it rises
To leave them in the dust.

6. How would my purer spirit fear
To put this body on,
If its old tempting powers were there,
Nor lusts nor passions gone!

FOR SERM.

The soul drawing near to God in prayer.

My God! I bow before thy feet;
When shall my soul get near thy seat,
When shall I see thy glorious face,
With mingled majesty and grace?

2. How should I love thee, and adore
With hopes and joys unknown before,
And bid this trifling world be gone,
Nor tease my heart so near thy throne!

3. Creatures with all their charms should fly
The presence of a God so nigh;
My darling sins should lose their name,
And grow my hatred and my shame.

4. My soul shall pour out all her cares
In flowing words or flowing tears;
Thy smiles would ease my sharpest pain,
Nor should I seek my God in vain.

FOR SERM. VI.

Sins and sorrows spread before God.

O That I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2. I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain,
How grace decays and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3. I'd say "How flesh and sense rebel,
"What inward foes combine
"With the vain world and pow'rs of hell
"To vex this soul of mine!"

4. He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake
And for my Saviour's blood.

5. My God will pity my complaints
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

6. Arise my soul from deep distress
And banish ev'ry fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace
To spread thy sorrows there.

FOR SERM. VII.

A hopeful youth falling short of heaven.

Long Metre.

Must all the charms of nature then
So hopeless to salvation prove?
Can hell demand, can Heav'n condemn,
The man whom Jesus deigns to love?

2. The man who sought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbours all their due;
A modest, sober, lovely, youth,
And thought he wanted nothing now?

3. But mark the change; thus spake the Lord,
Come part with earth for heav'n to-day;
The youth astonish'd at the word
In silent sadness went his way.

4. Poor virtues that he boasted so,
This test unable to endure;
Let Christ and grace and glory go
To make his land and money sure!

5. Ah, foolish choice of treasures here!
 Ah, fatal love of tempting gold!
 Must this base world be bought so dear,
 And life and heav'n so cheaply sold? 20

6. In vain the charms of nature shine
 If this vile passion governs me:
 Transform my soul O love divine!
 And make me part with all for thee. 24

FOR SERM. VIII.

A hopeful youth falling short of heaven.

Common Metre.

THUS far 't is well : you read, you pray,
 You hear God's holy word,
 You hearken what your parents say,
 And learn to serve the Lord. 4

2. Your friends are pleas'd to see your ways,
 Your practice they approve;
 Jesus himself would give you praise
 And look with eyes of love. 8

3. But if you quit the paths of truth
 To follow foolish fires,
 And give a loose to giddy youth
 With all its wild desires; 12

4. If you will let your Saviour go
 To hold your riches fast,
 Or hunt for empty joys below,
 You'll lose your heav'n at last. 16

5. The rich young man whom Jesus lov'd
Should warn you to forbear,
His love of earthly treasures prov'd
A fatal golden snare.

6. See, gracious God, dear Saviour! see
How youth is prone to fall,
Teach them to part with all for thee,
And love thee more than all.

FOR SERM. IX. AND X.

The hidden life of a Christian.

Common Metre.

O Happy soul that lives on high,
While men lie grov'ling here!
His hopes are fix'd above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2. His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3. He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees:
Let earth be all in arms abroad
He dwells in heav'nly peace.

4. His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5. He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raise his figure here,
Content and pleas'd to live unknown
Till Christ his life appear.

6. He looks to heav'n's eternal hills
To meet that glorious day:
Dear Lord! how slow thy chariot-wheels,
How long is thy delay!

FOR SERM. XI. 207

Nearness to God the felicity of creatures.

Long Metre.

ARE those the happy persons here
Who dwell the nearest to their God?
Has God invited sinners near,
And Jesus bought this grace with blood?

2. Go then, my soul! address the Son
To lead thee near the Father's face,
Gaze on his glories yet unknown,
And taste the blessings of his grace.

3. Vain vexing world, and flesh, and sense,
Retire while I approach my God,
Nor let my sins divide me thence
Nor creatures tempt my thoughts abroad.

4. While to thine arms, my God! I press,
No mortal hope, nor joy, nor fear,
Shall call my soul from thine embrace;
'Tis heav'n to dwell for ever there.

FOR SERM. XII.

*The scale of blessedness, or, Blessed saints, blessed Saviour,
and blessed Trinity.*

Common Metre.

ASCEND my soul! by just degrees,
Let contemplation rove
O'er all the rising ranks of bliss
Here and in worlds above.

2. Blest is the nation near to God
Where he makes known his ways;
Blest are the men whose feet have trod
His lower courts of grace.

3. Blest were the Levite and the Priest
Who near his altar stood;
Blest are the saints from sin releast,
And reconcil'd with blood.

4. Blest are the souls dismiss'd from clay,
Before his face they stand;
Blest angels in their bright array
Attend his great command.

5. Jesus is more divinely blest,
Where man to godhead join'd
Hath joys transcending all the rest,
More noble and refin'd.

6. But O what words or thoughts can trace
The blessed Three in One!
Here rest my spirit, and confess
The Infinite unknown.

FOR SERM. XIII. AND XIV.

Appearance before God here and hereafter.

Common Metre.

WHILE I am banish'd from thy house
I mourn in secret Lord :

“ When shall I come and pay my vows

“ And hear thy holy word ? ”

2. So while I dwell in bonds of clay

Methinks my soul shall groan,

“ When shall I wing my heav'nly way

“ And stand before thy throne ? ”

3. I love to see my Lord below,

His church displays his grace,

But upper worlds his glory know,

And view him face to face.

4. I love to worship at his feet

Tho' sin attack me there,

But saints exalted near his seat

Have no assaults to fear.

5. I'm pleas'd to meet him in his court

And taste his heav'nly love,

But still I think his visits short,

Or I too soon remove.

6. He shines and I am all delight,

He hides and all is pain ;

When will he fix me in his sight,

And ne'er depart again ?

FOR SERM. XV. 1807

A rational defence of the gospel.

Common Metre.

SHALL Atheists dare insult the cross
Of our Redeemer God?
Shall infidels reproach his laws,
Or trample on his blood?

2. What if he chuse mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults?
May not the works of sov'reign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts?

3. What if his gospel bids us fight
With flesh, and self, and sin?
The prize is most divinely bright
Which we are call'd to win.

4. What if the foolish and the poor
His glorious grace partake?
This but confirms his truth the more,
For so the Prophets spake.

5. Do some that own his sacred name
Indulge their souls in sin?
Jesus should never bear the blame;
His laws are pure and clean.

6. Then let our faith grow firm and strong,
Our lips profess his word,
Nor blush nor fear to walk among
The men that love the Lord.

FOR SERM. XVI. AND XVII.

The gospel the power of God to salvation.

Long Metre.

WHAT shall the dying sinner do
That seeks relief for all his wo?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?

2. How shall we get our crimes forgiv'n,
Or form our natures fit for heav'n?
Can souls all o'er defil'd with sin
Make their own pow'rs and passions clean?

3. In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'Tis there such pow'r and glory dwell
As saves rebellious souls from hell.

4. This is the pillar of our hope
That bears our fainting spirits up:
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

5. Let men or angels dig the mines
Where nature's golden treasure shines;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross
All nature's gold appears but dross.

6. Should vile blasphemers with disdain
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,
I'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

FOR SERM. XVIII.

Faith the way to salvation.

Long Metre.

NOT by the laws of innocence
 Can Adam's sons arrive at heav'n:
 New works can give us no pretence
 To have our ancient sins forgiv'n.

2. Not the best deeds that we have done
 Can make a wounded conscience whole:
 Faith is the grace, and faith alone,
 That flies to Christ and saves the soul.

3. Lord! I believe thy heav'nly word,
 Fain would I have my soul renew'd:
 I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord
 To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.

4. O may thy grace its pow'r display,
 Let guilt and death no longer reign:
 Save me in thine appointed way,
 Nor let my humble faith be vain.

IX. FOR SERM. XIX.

None excluded from hope.

Common Metre.

JESUS! thy blessings are not few,
 Nor is thy gospel weak;
 Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew
 And heal the dying Greek.

2. Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth thy salvation flow;
'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low. 8

3. While grace is offer'd to the prince
The poor may take their share:
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair. 12

4. Be wise ye men of strength and wit,
Nor boast your native pow'rs,
But to his sov'reign grace submit,
And glory shall be yours. 16

5. Come, all ye vilest sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew:
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you. 20

6. His doctrine is almighty love;
There's virtue in his name
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb. 24

FOR SERM. XX. AND XXI.

Christian morality, viz. truth, sincerity, &c.

Common Metre.

LET those who bear the Christian name
Their holy vows fulfil:
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
Are men of honour still. 4

2. True to the solemn oaths they take,
Tho' to their hurt they swear;
Constant and just to all they speak,
For God and angels hear.

3. Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flatt'ring words devise;
They know the God of truth can see
Thro' ev'ry false disguise.

4. They hate th' appearance of a lie,
In all the shapes it wears
Firm to the truth, and when they die
Eternal life is theirs.

5. Lo! from afar the Lord descends
And brings the judgment down;
He bids his saints, his faithful friends,
Rise and possess their crown.

6. While Satan trembles at the sight,
And devils wish to die,
Where will the faithless hypocrite
And guilty liar fly?

FOR SERM. XXIII.

Faithfulness.

Long Metres.

HATH God been faithful to his word,
And sent to men the promis'd grace;
Shall I not imitate the Lord,
And practise what my lips profess?

2. Hath Christ fulfill'd his kind design,
The dreadful work he undertook;
And dy'd to make salvation mine,
And well perform'd whate'er he spoke?

3. Doth not his faithfulness afford
A noble theme to raise my song?
And shall I dare deny my Lord,
Or utter falsehood with my tongue?

4. My King, my Saviour, and my God!
Let grace my sinful soul renew,
Wash my offences with thy blood,
And make my heart sincere and true.

FOR SERM. XXIII.

Christian morality, viz. gravity, decency, &c.

Long Metre.

ARE we not sons and heirs of God?
Are we not bought with Jesus' blood?
Do we not hope for heav'nly joys?
And shall we stoop to trifling toys?

2. Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play,
To wear out time, and waste the day?

3. Doth vain discourse or empty mirth
Well suit the honours of our birth?
Shall we be fond of gay attire,
Which children love and fools admire?

4. What if we wear the richest vest;
Peacocks and flies are better drest;
This flesh with all its gaudy forms
Must drop to dust and feed the worms.

5. Lord! raise our hearts and passions higher;
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;
Then with an elevated eye
We'll pass these glitt'ring trifles by.

6. We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do,
And wait the call that bids us rise
To promis'd mansions in the skies.

FOR SERM. XXIV.

Christian morality, viz. justice and equity.

Common Metre.

COME, let us search our ways and try
Have they been just and right?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight?

2. What we would have our neighbour do
Have we still done the same,
And ne'er delay'd to pay his due,
Nor injur'd his good name?

3. Do we relieve the poor distress?
Nor give our tongues a loose
To make their names our scorn and jest,
Nor treat them with abuse?

4. Have we not found our envy grow
To hear another's praise?
Nor robb'd him of his honour due
By fly malicious ways? 16

5. In all we sell and all we buy
Is justice our design?
Do we remember God is nigh,
And fear the wrath divine? 20

6. In vain we talk of Jesus' blood,
And boast his name in vain,
If we can flight the laws of God
And prove unjust to men. 24

FOR SERM. XXV.

Christian morality, viz. justice and truth.

Long Metre.

GREAT God! thy holy law requires
To curb our covetous desires,
Forbids to plunder, steal or cheat,
To practise falsehood or deceit. 4

2. Thy Son hath set a pattern too;
He paid to God and men their due;
A dreadful debt he paid to God,
And bought our pardon with his blood. 8

3. Amazing justice! boundless love!
Do we not feel our passions move?
Do we not grieve that we have been
Faithless to God or false to men? 12

4. Have we no righteous debt deny'd
Thro' wanton luxury or pride?
Nor vex'd the poor with long delay,
And made them groan for want of pay? 16

5. Have we ne'er thrown a needless shame
Or scandal on our neighbour's name?
O happy men whose age and youth
Have ever dealt in love and truth! 20

6. But if our justice once be gone
And leave our faith and hope alone,
If honesty be banish'd hence
Religion is a vain pretence. 24

FOR SERM. XXVII.

Christian morality, viz. temperance.

Long Metre.

Is it a man's divinest good
To make his soul a slave to food,
Vile as the beast whose spirit dies,
And has no hope above the skies? 4

2. Can meats or choicest wines procure
Delights that ever shall endure?
Was I not born above the swine,
And shall I make their pleasures mine? 8

3. Am I not made for nobler things,
Made to ascend on angels' wings?
Shall my best powers be thus debas'd,
And part with heav'n to please my taste? 12

4. Can I forget the fatal deed
How Eve brought death on all her seed?
She tasted the forbidden tree;
Anger'd her God, and ruin'd me.

5. Was life design'd alone to eat?
What is the mouth or what the meat?
Both from the ground derive their birth
And both shall mix with common earth.

6. Great God! new-mould my sensual mind;
And let my joys be more refin'd;
Raise me to dwell among the blest;
And fit me for thy heav'nly feast.

FOR SERM. XXVII.

Christian morality, viz. chastity.

Common Metre.

THE Lord how great his majesty!
How pure are all his ways!
Sinners unclean offend his eye,
Nor stand before his face.

2. Thou hast ordain'd immortal woes
And everlasting fire
To be the just reward of those
Who follow loose desire.

3. I hear, I read, the dreadful doom
Of Sodom in thy word,
And dares a feeble worm presume
Thus to provoke the Lord?

4. Dear Saviour! guard me by thy grace
 From thoughts and words unclean,
 Nor let temptation gain success
 To draw my soul to sin.

FOR SERM. XXVIII.

Christian morality, viz. a lovely carriage.

Common Metre.

O 'Tis a lovely thing to see,
 A man of prudent heart,
 Whose thoughts, and lips, and life, agree
 To act a useful part.

2. When envy, strife, and wars, begin
 In little angry souls,
 Mark how the sons of peace come in
 And quench the kindling coals.

3. Their minds are humble, mild and meek,
 Nor let their fury rise;
 Nor passion moves their lips to speak
 Nor pride exalts their eyes.

4. Their frame is prudence mix'd with love,
 Good works fulfil their day;
 They join the serpent with the dove,
 But cast the sting away.

5. Such was the Saviour of mankind;
 Such pleasures he pursu'd;
 His flesh and blood were all refin'd,
 His soul divinely good.

6. Lord! can these plants of virtue grow?
 In such a soul as mine?
 Thy grace can form my nature so,
 And make my heart like thine.

FOR SERM. XXIX.

Christian morality, viz. things of good report.

Long Metre.

Is it a thing of good report
 To squander life and time away,
 To cut the hours of duty short,
 While toys and follies waste the day?

2. To ask and prattle all affairs,
 And mind all bus'ness but our own?
 To live at random, void of cares,
 While all things to confusion run?

3. Doth this become the Christian name
 To venture near the tempter's door,
 To sort with men of evil fame,
 And yet presume to stand secure?

4. Am I my own sufficient guard,
 While I expose my soul to shame?
 Can the short joys of sin reward
 The lasting blemish of my name?

5. O may it be my constant choice
 To walk with men of grace below,
 Till I arrive where heavenly joys
 And never-fading honours grow!

FOR SERM. XXX.

Christian morality, viz. courage and honour.

Common Metre.

Do I believe what Jesus saith,
 And think his gospel true?
 Lord! make me bold to own my faith,
 And practise virtue too.

2. Suppress my shame, subdue my fear;

Arm me with heav'nly zeal,
 That I may make thy pow'r appear,
 And works of praise fulfil.

3. If men shall see my virtue shine

And spread my name abroad,
 Thine is the pow'r, the praise is thine,
 My Saviour and my God!

4. Thus when the saints in glory meet

Their lips proclaim thy grace,
 They cast their honours at thy feet,
 And own their borrow'd rays.

FOR SERM. XXXI.

Holy fortitude, or, Remedies against fear.

Common Metre.

Am I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?

2. Must I be carry'd to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd thro' bloody seas?

3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4. Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5. Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer tho' they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry thro' the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

FOR SERM. XXXII.

Holy fortitude, or, Remedies against fear.

Long Metre.

WHEN tumults of unruly fear
Rise in my heart and riot there,
What shall I do to calm my breast
And get the vexing foe suppress?

2. What pow'r can these wild thoughts control,
This ruffling tempest of the soul?
Where shall I fly in this distress?
But to the throne of glorious grace?

3. My faith would seize some promise, Lord;
There's pow'r and safety in thy word
Not all that earth or hell can say
Shall tempt or drive my soul away.

4. I call the days of old to mind
When I have found my God was kind;
My heav'nly friend is still the same,
Salvation to his holy name.

5. Great God! preserve my conscience clean;
Wash me from guilt, forgive my sin;
Thy love shall guard me from surprise,
Tho' threat'ning dangers round me rise.

6. When fear like a wild ocean raves,
Let Jesus walk upon the waves,
And say "'Tis I," that heav'nly voice
Shall sink the storm and raise my joys.

FOR SERMON XXXIII.

The universal rule of equity.

Long Metre.

BLESSED Redeemer! how divine,
How righteous, is this rule of thine,
"Never to deal with others worse
Than we would have them deal with us!"

2. This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives nor the mind nor memory pain;
And ev'ry conscience must approve
This universal law of love.

3. 'Tis written in each mortal breast;
Where all our tenderest wishes rest;
We draw it from our inmost veins,
Where love to self resides and reigns.

4. Is reason ever at a loss
Call in fellove to judge the cause.
I let our own fondest passion show
How we should treat our neighbours too.

5. How bless'd would ev'ry nation prove
Thus rul'd by equity and love!
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a Paradise below.

6. Jesus! forgive us that we keep
Thy sacred law of love asleep,
And take our envy, wrath, and pride,
Those savage passions, for our guide.

FOR SERMON XXXIV.

The atonement of Christ.

Common Metre.

How is our nature spoil'd by sin!
Yet nature ne'er hath found
The way to make the conscience clean
Or heal the painful wound.

2. In vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own :
Jesus ! there's nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

3. The threat'nings of the broken law
Impress our souls with dread :
If God his sword of vengeance draw
It strikes our spirits dead.

4. But thy illustrious sacrifice
Hath answer'd these demands,
And peace and pardon from the skies
Come down by Jesus' hands.

5. Here all the ancient types agree,
The altar and the Lamb ;
And prophets in their visions see
Salvation thro' his name.

6. 'Tis by thy death we live O Lord !
'Tis on thy cross we rest ;
For ever be thy love ador'd,
Thy name for ever blest.

FOR SERM. XXXV.

Faith and repentance encouraged by the sacrifice of Christ.

Psalm, cv. 1-4. Common Metre.

WHERE shall the guilty conscience go
To find a sure relief ?
Can bleeding bulls or goats bestow
A balm to ease my grief ?

2. Will Popish rites and penances
Release my soul from sin? :
What insufficient things are these:

To calm the wrath divine!

3. God, the great God, who rules the skies,
The gracious and the just,
Makes his own Son our sacrifice,
And there lies all our trust.

4. O never let my thoughts
The gospel of my God,
Where vilest crimes are cleans'd at once,
In Christ's atoning blood.

5. Here rest my faith and ne'er remove,
Here let repentance rise,
While I behold his bleeding love,
His dying agonies.

6. With shame and sorrow, here I own
How great my guilt has been,
This is my way t' approach the throne,
And God forgives my sin.

FOR SERM. XXVI.

Christ's propitiation improved.

Long Metre.

LORD! didst thou send thy Son to die,
For such a guilty wretch as I?
And shall thy mercy not impart
Thy spirit to renew my heart?

2. Lord! hast thou wash'd my garments clean
 In Jesus' blood from shame and sin?
 Shall I not strive with all my pow'r
 That sin pollute my soul no more?

3. Shall I not bear my Father's rod,
 The kind corrections of my God,
 When Christ upon the cursed tree
 Sustain'd a heavier load for me?

4. Why should I dread my dying day
 Since Christ hath took the curse away,
 And taught me with my latest breath
 To triumph o'er thy terrors death?

5. O rather let me wish and cry,
 "When shall my soul get loose and fly
 "To upper worlds? when shall I see
 "The God, the man, that dy'd for me?"

6. I shall behold his glories there,
 And pay him my eternal share
 Of praise, and gratitude and love,
 Among ten thousand saints above.

FOR SERM. XXXVII.

*A Christian's treasure; "All things are your's, whether
 Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas," &c.*

Long Metre.

How vast the treasure we possess!
 How rich thy bounty King of grace!
 This world is ours, and worlds to come;
 Earth is our lodge, and heav'n our home.

2. Paul is our teacher; while he speaks!
The shadows fly the morning breaks;
His words like beams of knowledge shine;
And fill our souls with light divine.

3. Cephas is ours; he makes us feel
The kindlings of celestial zeal;
While sweet Apollo's charming voice
Gives us a taste of heav'nly joys.

4. The springing corn, the stately wood,
Grow to provide us house and food;
Fire, air, earth, water, join their force;
All nature serves us in her course.

5. The sun rolls round to make our day;
The moon directs our nightly way;
While angels bear us in their arms,
And shield us from ten thousand harms.

6. O glorious portion of the saints!
Let faith suppress our sore complaints,
And tune our hearts and tongues to sing
Our bounteous God, our sov'reign King.

FOR SERM. XXXVIII.

All things working together for good.

Long Metre.

My soul! survey thy happiness!
If thou art found a child of grace;
How richly is the gospel stor'd!
What joy the promises afford!

Earth is our lodge, and heav'n our home.

2. "All things are ours;" the gift of God;
And purchas'd with our Saviour's blood;
While the good Spirit shews us how
To use and to enjoy them too.

3. If peace and plenty crown my days
They help me Lord to speak thy praise;
If bread of sorrows be my food
Those sorrows work my real good.

4. I would not change my bless'd estate
With all that flesh calls rich or great;
And while my faith can keep her hold
I envy not the sinner's gold.

5. Father! I wait thy daily will,
Thou shalt divide my portion still:
Grant me on earth what seems thee best
Till death and Heav'n reveal the rest.

FOR SERM. XXXIX.

The right improvement of life.

Common Metre.

AND is this life prolong'd to me?
Are days and seasons giv'n?
Shall I not then prepare to be
A fitter heir for heav'n?

2. I'll never let these moments pass,
These golden hours be gone;
Lord! I accept thy offer'd grace,
I bow before thy throne.

3. Now cleanse my soul from ev'ry sin
By my Redeemer's blood;
Now let my flesh and heart begin
The honours of my God.

4. Let me no more my soul defile
With sin's deceitful toys;
Let cheerful hope increasing still
Approach to heav'nly joys.

5. My thankful lips shall loud proclaim
The wonders of thy praise,
And spread the favour of thy name
Where'er I spend my days.

6. On earth let my example shine;
And when I leave this state
May heav'n receive this soul of mine
To bliss divinely great.

FOR SERM. XL.

The privilege of the living above the dead.

Long Metre.

Awake my zeal, awake my love,
And serve my Saviour here below
In works which all the saints above
Which holy angels cannot do.

2. My faith and hope may see the Lord
Tho' vails of darkness lie between;
Hope shall rest firm upon his word,
And faith rejoice in things unseen.

3. Awake my charity, and feed the hungry soul;
The hungry soul and clothe the poor: *And hunger on his*
In heav'n are found no sons of need; *Awake my soul, and*
There all these duties are no more: *There have these*

4. Subdue thy passions O my soul! *But when will*
Maintain the fight; thy work pursue, *Meets himself*
Daily thy rising sins control, *Our faith, our hope*
And be thy vict'ries ever new. *Let us learn to*

5. The land of triumph lies on high; *We could not*
There are no fields of battle there: *And will we not*
Lord! I would conquer till I die, *When we shall*
And finish all the glorious war. *Meet the joy*

6. Let ev'ry flying hour confess:
I gain thy gospel fresh renown,
And when my life and labours cease
May I possess the promis'd crown. 24

FOR SERM. XLI.

Death of mankind, saints and sinners, improved.

Long Metre.

HAS death such vast destruction made?
Does ev'ry hour increase the dead?
Here I behold the guilt of sin
That brought this spreading mischief in.

2. Great God! how awful and how just
Thy law that turns our flesh to dust!
O let me learn how frail am I,
And all my life prepare to die.

3. When impious wretches yield their breath,
And go unpardon'd down to death,
Awake my soul, adore the grace
That gave thee a repenting space. 12

4. But when a saint with cheerful air
Meets his last foe and feels no fear,
Our faith, our hope, and courage, grow,
We learn to face the tyrant too. 16

5. We could renounce our all things here,
And wish that moment would appear
When we shall leave this world, and rise
To meet the joys above the skies. 20

FOR SERM. XLII.

Death of kindred improvat.

Common Metre.

MUST friends and kindred drop and die,
Must helpers be withdrawn,
While sorrow with a weeping eye
Counts up our comforts gone? 4

2. Be thou our comfort mighty God!
Our helper and our friend,
Nor leave us in this dang'rous road
Till all our trials end. 8

3. O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led!
While love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead. 12

4. Let us be wean'd from all below,
 Let hope our grief dispel,
 Death will invite our souls to go
 Where our best kindred dwell.

FOR SERM. XLIII.

Death a blessing to the saints.

Long Metre.

Do flesh and nature dread to die,
 And tim'rous thoughts our minds enslave?
 But grace can raise our hopes on high,
 And quell the terrors of the grave.

2. What ! shall we run to gain the crown,
 Yet grieve to think the goal so near,
 Afraid to have our labours done,
 And finish this important war?

3. Do we not dwell in clouds below,
 And little know the God we love?
 Why should we like this twilight so
 When 't is all noon in worlds above?

4. There shall we see him face to face,
 There shall we know the Great Unknown;
 And Jesus with his glorious grace
 Shines in full light amidst the throne.

5. When we put off this fleshly load
 We're from a thousand mischiefs free,
 For ever present with our God,
 Where we have long'd and wish'd to be.

6. No more shall pride or passion rise,
Or envy fret or malice roar,
Or sorrow mourn with downcast eyes,
And sin defile our souls no more. 24

7. 'Tis best, 'tis infinitely best,
To go where tempters cannot come,
Where saints and angels ever blest
Dwell and enjoy their heav'nly home. 28

8. O for a visit from my God
To drive my fears of death away,
And help me thro' this darksome road
To realms of everlasting day! 32

FOR SERM. XLIV.

*The doctrine of the Trinity, and the use of it, or, Access to
the Father through Christ by the Holy Spirit.*

Common Metre.

FATHER of glory! to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live. 4

2. Immortal honour to the Son
Who makes thy anger cease;
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And dy'd to buy our peace. 8

3. To thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory giv'n,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heav'n. 12

4. Let men with their united voice
Adore th' Eternal God,
And spread his honours and their joys
Thro' nations far abroad.

16

5. Let faith and love and duty join
One gen'ral song to raise,
And saints in earth and heav'n combine
In harmony and praise.

20

Dij

PREFACE.

To all that are concerned in the education of children.

MY FRIENDS,

It is an awful and important charge that is committed to you. The wisdom and welfare of the succeeding generation are intrusted with you beforehand, and depend much on your conduct. The seeds of misery or happiness in this world and that to come are oftentimes sown very early; and therefore whatever may conduce to give the minds of children a relish of virtue and religion ought in the first place to be proposed to you.

Verse was at first designed for the service of God, though it hath been wretchedly abused since. The Ancients among the Jews and the Heathens taught their children and disciples the precepts of morality and worship in verse. The children of Israel were commanded to learn the words of the song of Moses, *Deut. xxxi. 19, 30.* And we are directed in The New Testament not only to sing with grace in the heart, but to "teach and admonish one another by hymns "and songs," *Ephes. v. 19.*; and there are those four advantages in it:

1. There is a great delight in the very learning of truths and duties this way. There is something so amusing and entertaining in rhymes and metre that will incline children to make this part of their business a di-

version : and you may turn their very duty into a reward, by giving them the privilege of learning one of these Songs every week if they fulfil the business of the week well, and promising them the book itself when they have learned ten or twenty songs out of it.

2. What is learned in verse is longer retained in memory and sooner recollected. The like sounds and the like number of syllables exceedingly assist the remembrance. And it may often happen that the end of a song running in the mind may be an effectual means to keep off some temptations, or to incline to some duty, when a word of Scripture is not upon their thoughts.

3. This will be a constant furniture for the minds of children, that they may have something to think upon when alone, and sing over to themselves. This may sometimes give their thoughts a divine turn, and raise a young meditation. Thus they will not be forced to seek relief for an emptiness of mind out of the loose and dangerous sonnets of the age.

4. These Divine Songs may be a pleasant and proper matter for their daily or weekly worship, to sing one in the family at such time as the parents or governours shall appoint; and therefore I have confined the verse to the most usual psalm tunes.

The greatest part of this little book was composed several years ago at the request of a friend, who has been long engaged in the work of catechising a very

great number of children of all kinds, and with abundant skill and success ; so that you will find here nothing that favours of a party : the children of high and low degree of the church of England, or Dissenters baptized in infancy or not, may all join together in these Songs. And as I have endeavoured to sink the language to the level of a child's understanding, and yet to keep it if possible above contempt, so I have designed to profit all if possible and offend none. I hope the more general the sense is these compositions may be of the more universal use and service.

I have added at the end some attempts of Sonnets on Moral Subjects for children, with an air of pleasantry, to provoke some fitter pen to write a little book of them.

May the almighty God make you faithful in this important work of education ! may he succeed your cares with his abundant grace, that the rising generation of Great Britain may be a glory among the nations, a pattern to the Christian world, and a blessing to the earth !

DIVINE SONGS FOR CHILDREN.

SONG I.

A general song of praise to God.

How glorious is our heav'nly King
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful Majesty?

2. How great his pow'r is none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.

3. Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search his secret will,
But they perform his heav'nly word,
And sing his praises still.

4. Then let me join this holy train,
And my first off'rings bring;
Th' Eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

5. My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

SONG II.

Praise for creation and providence.

I Sing th' almighty pow'r of God
 That made the mountains rise,
 That spread the flowing seas abroad
 And built the lofty skies. 14

2. I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
 The sun to rule the day;
 The moon shines full at his command,
 And all the stars obey. 8

3. I sing the goodness of the Lord
 That fill'd the earth with food;
 He form'd the creatures with his word,
 And then pronounc'd them good. 12

4. Lord! how thy wonders are display'd
 Where'er I turn mine eye,
 If I survey the ground I tread,
 Or gaze upon the sky! 16

5. There's not a plant or flow'r below
 But makes thy glories known,
 And clouds arise and tempests blow
 By order from thy throne. 20

6. Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
 Are subject to thy care;
 There's not a place where we can flee
 But God is present there. 24

7. In Heav'n he shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath;
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 't is his air I breathe.

8. His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with his eye;
Why should I then forget the Lord
Who is for ever nigh?

SONG III.

Praise to God for our redemption.

BLEST be the wisdom and the pow'r,
The justice and the grace,
That join'd in council to restore
And save our ruin'd race.

2. Our father ate forbidden fruit
And from his glory fell,
And we his children thus were brought
To death and near to hell.

3. Blest be the Lord that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood;
He for our lives gave up his own
To make our peace with God.

4. He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

5. Behold him rising from the grave,
Behold him rais'd on high;
He pleads his merit there to save
Transgressors doom'd to die. 20

6. There on a glorious throne he reigns,
And by his pow'r divine
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin. 24

7. Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And with a sov'reign voice
Shall call and break up ev'ry tomb
While waking faints rejoice. 28

8. O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face,
And with the blest assembly there
Sing his redeeming grace! 32

SONG IV.

Praise for mercies spiritual and temporal.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me? 4

1. Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath giv'n me more,
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door. 8

3. How many children in the street
Half naked I behold,
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold!

4. While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

5. While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord! I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

6. Are these thy favours day by day
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

SONG V.

Praise for birth and education in a Christian land.

GREAT God! to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong;
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.

2. 'Tis to thy sov'reign grace I owe
That I was born on British ground,
Where streams of heav'nly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

3. I would not change my native land; woul I
For rich Peru with all her gold; blessed I becom I
A nobler prize lies in my hand; I b'hold me I shal W
Than East or Western Indies hold. most b'aven be 16

4. How do I pity those that dwell in darkness
Where ignorance and darkness reigns! they shal be W
They know no heav'n, they fear no hell; good a s'wad I
Those endless joys, those endless pains. most b'aven be 16

5. Thy glorious promises O Lord! do shal W
Kindle my hopes and my desire; I shal be W
While all the preachers of thy word shal be W
Warn me to scape eternal fire. I shal be W 20

6. Thy praise shall still employ my breath
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heav'n; I shal be W
Nor will I run the road to death; I shal be W
And waste the blessings thou hast giv'n. I shal be W 24

SONG VI.

Praise for the gospel.

LORD! I ascribe it to thy grace, I shal be W
And not to chance as others do, I shal be W
That I was born of Christian race; I shal be W
And not a Heathen or a Jew. I shal be W 4

2. What would the ancient Jewish kings
And Jewish prophets once have giv'n; I shal be W
Could they have heard these glorious things; I shal be W
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from heav'n! 8

3. How glad the Heathens would have been
That worship idols, wood, and stone,
If they the Book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his gospel known.
4. Then if this gospel I refuse
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Against me will in judgment rise.

SONG VII

The excellency of The Bible.

GREAT God! with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look,
But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Shine brighter in thy Book.

2. The stars that in their courses roll
Have much instruction giv'n,
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heav'n.

3. The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord,
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

4. Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies,
Here my desires are satisfy'd,
And hence my hopes arise.

5. Lord! make me understand thy law, we'll
 Show what my faults have been,
 And from thy gospel let me draw
 Pardon for all my sin.

6. Here would I learn how Christ has dy'd
 To save my soul from hell;
 Not all the books on earth beside
 Such heav'nly wonders tell.

7. Then let me love my Bible more,
 And take a fresh delight
 By day to read these wonders o'er,
 And meditate by night.

SONG VIII.

Praise to God for learning to read.

THE praises of my tongue
 I offer to the Lord,
 That I was taught and learn'd so young
 To read his holy word.

2. That I am brought to know
 The danger I was in,
 By nature and by practice too
 A wretched slave to sin.

3. That I am led to see
 I can do nothing well,
 And whither shall a sinner flee
 To save himself from hell?

4. Dear Lord! this Book of thine
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my sin
And make me holy too. 16

5. Here I can read and learn
How Christ the Son of God
Has undertook our great concern;
Our ransom cost his blood: 20

6. And now he reigns above
He sends his Spirit down
To shew the wonders of his love
And make his gospel known. 24

7. O may that Spirit teach;
And make my heart receive,
Those truths which all thy servants preach
And all thy saints believe. 28

8. Then shall I praise the Lord
In a more cheerful strain
That I was taught to read his word
And have not learn'd in vain. 32

SONG IX.

The allseeing God.

ALMIGHTY God! thy piercing eye
Strikes thro' the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight. 4

2. There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful Book 'tis writ
Against the judgment-day.

3. And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there,
Be all expos'd before the sun
While men and angels hear?

4. Lord! at thy foot ashamed I lie,
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy Book.

5. Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

6. O may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down ev'ry fault.

SONG X.

Solemn thoughts of God and death.

THERE is a God that reigns above,
Lord of the heav'ns, and earth, and seas;
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.

2. There is a law which he has writ
To teach us all what we must do;
My soul to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just, and true.

3. There is a gospel of rich grace
Whence sinners all their comforts draw;
Lord! I repent and seek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.

4. There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 't will come;
A thousand children young as I
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

5. Let me improve the hours I have
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardons offer'd to the dead.

6. Just as a tree cut down, that fell
To north or southward, there it lies;
So man departs to heav'n or hell,
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

SONG XI.

Heaven and hell.

THERE is beyond the sky
A heav'n of joy and love,
And holy children when they die
Go to that world above.

2. There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains,
There sinners must, with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains. 8

3. Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end?
And may I hope when'er I die
I shall to heav'n ascend? 12

4. Then will I read and pray
While I have life and breath,
Lest I should be cut off to-day
And sent t' eternal death. 16

SONG XII.

The advantages of early religion.

HAPPY's the child whose youngest years
Receive instructions well,
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell. 4

2. When we devote our youth to God
'Tis pleasing in his eyes:
A flow'r when offer'd in the bud
Is no vain sacrifice. 8

3. 'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes,
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes. 12

4. 'Twill save us from a thousand snarers
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong. 16

5. To thee almighty God! to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine. 20

6. Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus I 'm prepar'd for longer days
Or fit for early death. 24

SONG XIII

The danger of delay.

WHY should I say, "'Tis yet too soon"
"To seek for heav'n or think of death?"
A flow'r may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath. 4

2. If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of Heav'n,
I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance giv'n. 8

3. What if the Lord grow wrothy and swear
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he 'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day? 12

4. What if his dreadful anger burn'd his wrath
While I refuse his offer'd grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place?

5. 'Tis dang'rous to provoke a God;
His pow'r and vengeance none can tell;
One stroke of his almighty rod
Shall send young sinners quick to hell.

6. Then 't will for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace,
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

SONG XIV.

Examples of early piety.

WHAT blest examples do I find,
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth.

2. Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.

3. At twelve years old he talk'd with men,
(The Jews all wond'ring stood)
Yet he obey'd his mother then,
And came at her command.

4. Children a sweet hosanna sung,
And blest'd their Saviour's name;
They gave him honour with their tongue
While Scribes and Priests blaspheme. 16

5. Samuel the child was wean'd, and brought
To wait upon the Lord;
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know his holy word. 20

6. Then why should I so long delay
What others learn so soon?
I would not pass another day
Without this work begun. 24

SONG XV.

Against Lying.

O 'Tis a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way,
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say. 4

2. But liars we can never trust
Tho' they should speak the thing that's true;
And he that does one fault at first
And lies to hide it makes it two. 8

3. Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong?
How Ananias was struck dead,
Catch'd with a lie upon his tongue? 12

4. So did his wife Saphira die,
When she came in and grew so bold
As to confirm that wicked lie
That just before her husband told. 16

5. The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth; but ev'ry liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone and with fire. 20

6. Then let me always watch my lips
Lest I be struck to death and hell,
Since God a book of reck'ning keeps
For ev'ry lie that children tell. 24

SONG XVI.

Against quarrelling and fighting.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite;
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 't is their nature too. 4

2. But children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes. 8

3. Let love thro' all your actions run,
And all your words be mild:
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child! 12

4. His soul was gentle as a lamb;
And as his stature grew
He grew in favour both with man
And God his Father too.

5. Now Lord of all he reigns above,
And from his heav'nly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

SONG XVII.

Love between brothers and sisters.

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet
Quarrels should never come.

2. Birds in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

3. Hard names at first and threat'ning words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

4. The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another;
So wicked Cain was hurry'd on
Till he had kill'd his brother.

5. The wife will make their anger cool,
At least before 't is night,
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning light. 20

6. Pardon, O Lord! our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove,
That as we grow to riper age
Our hearts may all be love. 24

SONG XVIII.

Against scoffing and calling names.

Our tongues were made to bless the Lord
And not speak ill of men;
When others give a railing word
We must not rail again. 4

2. Cross words and angry names require
To be chastis'd at school;
And he's in danger of hell fire
That calls his brother Fool. 8

3. But lips that dare be so profane
To mock, and jeer, and scoff,
At holy things or holy men,
The Lord shall cut them off. 12

4. When children in their wanton play
Serv'd old Elisha so,
And bid the prophet go his way,
"Go up thou Bald-head, go;" 16

5. God quickly stopp'd their wicked breath,
And sent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death
With blood, and groans, and tears.

6. Great God! how terrible art thou
To sinners ne'er so young!
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
To tame and rule my tongue.

SONG XIX.

Against swearing, and cursing, and taking God's name in vain.

ANGELS that high in glory dwell
Adore thy name almighty God!
And devils tremble down in hell
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

2. And yet how wicked children dare
Abuse thy dreadful glorious name!
And when they're angry how they swear
And curse their fellows and blaspheme!

3. How will they stand before thy face
Who treated thee with such disdain,
While thou shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain?

4. Then never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be giv'n;
But I will praise thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heav'n.

5. My heart shall be in pain to hear
 Wretches affront the Lord above:
 'Tis that great God whose pow'r I fear,
 That heav'nly Father whom I love. 20

6. If my companions grow profane
 I'll leave their friendship when I hear
 Young sinners take thy name in vain,
 And learn to curse and learn to swear. 24

SONG XX.

Against idleness and mischief.

How doth the little busy bee
 Improve each shining hour,
 And gather honey all the day
 From ev'ry op'ning flow'r! 4

2. How skilfully she builds her cell!
 How neat she spreads the wax!
 And labours hard to store it well
 With the sweet food she makes. 8

3. In works of labour or of skill
 I would be busy too,
 For Satan finds some mischief still
 For idle hands to do. 12

4. In books, or work, or healthful play,
 Let my first years be past,
 That I may give for ev'ry day
 Some good account at last. 16

SONG XXI:

Against evil company.

WHY should I join with those in play
In whom I've no delight,
Who curse and swear, but never pray,
Who call ill names and fight?

2. I hate to hear a wanton song,
Their words offend my ears;
I should not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.

3. Away from fools I'll turn my eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go;
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I may grow.

4. From one rude boy that's us'd to mock
Then learn the wicked jest;
One sickly sheep infects the flock
And poisons all the rest.

5. My God! I hate to walk or dwell
With sinful children here;
Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.

Fijet 8.
This is the faint and weak
The Son of God who bore
The cross for us and died
To save our souls from hell.

SONG XXII.

Against pride in clothes.

WHY should our garments, made to hide
 Our parents shame, provoke our pride?
 The art of dress did ne'er begin
 Till Eve our mother learn'd to sin. 4

2. When first she put the cov'ring on
 Her robe of innocence was gone;
 And yet her children vainly boast
 In the sad marks of glory lost. 8

3. How proud we are! how fond to shew
 Our clothes, and call them rich and new!
 When the poor sheep and silkworm wore
 That very clothing long before. 12

4. The tulip and the butterfly
 Appear in gayer coats than I:
 Let me be dress'd fine as I will
 Flies, worms, and flow'rs, exceed me still. 16

5. Then will I set my heart to find
 Inward adornings of the mind:
 Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
 These are the robes of richest dress. 20

6. No more shall worms with me compare;
 This is the raiment angels wear:
 The Son of God when here below
 Put on this bless'd apparel too. 24

7. It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mold;
It takes no spot, but still refines;
The more 't is worn the more it shines. 28

8. In this on earth would I appear,
Then go to heav'n and wear it there;
God will approve it in his sight,
'Tis his own work and his delight. 32

SONG XXIII.

Obedience to parents.

LET children that would fear the Lord
Hear what their teachers say,
With rev'rence meet their parents' word,
And with delight obey. 4

2. Have not you heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord
To him that breaks his father's law
Or mocks his mother's word? 8

3. What heavy guilt upon him lies!
How cursed is his name!
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same. 12

4. But those that worship God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too. 16

SONG XXIV.

The child's complaint.

WHY should I love my sport so well?
 So constant at my play?
 And lose the thoughts of heav'n and hell,
 And then forget to pray? 14

2. What do I read my Bible for
 But, Lord! to learn thy will?
 And shall I daily know thee more
 And less obey thee still? 8

3. How senseless is my heart and wild!
 How vain are all my thoughts!
 Pity the weakness of a child,
 And pardon all my faults. 12

4. Make me thy heav'nly voice to hear,
 And let me love to pray,
 Since God will lend a gracious ear
 To what a child can say. 16

SONG XXV.

A morning song.

MY God, who makes the sun to know
 His proper hour to rise,
 And to give light to all below
 Doth send him round the skies. 4

2. When from the chambers of the East
His morning race begins,
He never tires nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

3. So like the sun would I fulfil
The bus'ness of the day,
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heav'nly way.

12

4. Give me, O Lord! thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

16

SONG XXVI.

An evening song.

AND now another day is gone
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts ev'ry hour make known
His providence and grace.

2. But how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins how great their sum!
Lord! give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

3. I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head,
And thro' the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

12

DIVINE SONGS FOR CHILDREN.

4. With cheerful heart I close my eyes
Since thou wilt not remove,
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love. 16

SONG XXVII.

For the Lord's-day morning.

THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead,
Why should I keep my eyelids close,
And waste my hours in bed? 4

2. This is the day when Jesus broke
The pow'rs of death and hell,
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well? 8

3. To-day with pleasure Christians meet
To pray and hear the word,
And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will O Lord! 12

4. I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
And so prepare for heav'n;
O may I love this blessed day
The best of all the sev'n! 16

SONG XXVIII.

For the Lord's-day evening.

LORD! how delightful 't is to see
 A whole assembly worship thee!
 At once they sing, at once they pray,
 They hear of heav'n and learn the way.

2. I have been there and still would go;

'Tis like a little heav'n below:

Not all my pleasure and my play

Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3. O write upon my mem'ry Lord!

The texts and doctrines of thy word,

That I may break thy laws no more,

But love thee better than before.

4. With thoughts of Christ and things divine

Fill up this foolish heart of mine,

That hoping pardon thro' his blood

I may lie down and wake with God.

16

*The Ten Commandments out of The Old Testament put in
 to short rhyme for children, Exodus xx.*

1. Thou shalt have no more Gods but me.

2. Before no idol bow thy knee.

3. Take not the name of God in vain.

4. Nor dare the sabbath-day profane.

5. Give both thy parents honour due. 3
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean.
8. Nor steal, tho' thou art poor and mean.
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbour's dare not covet. 10

The sum of the Ten Commandments out of The New Testament, Matt. xxii. 37.

WITH all my soul love God above,
And as thyself thy neighbour love. 2

Our Saviour's Golden Rule, Matt. vii. 12.

BE you to others kind and true
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again. 4

Duty to God and our neighbour.

LOVE God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind,
And love your neighbour as yourself:
Be faithful, just, and kind; 4
Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you:
What you're unwilling to receive
Be sure you never do. 8

*The Hosanna *, or, Salvation ascribed to Christ.*

Long Metre.

HOSANNA to King David's Son
Who reigns on a superiour throne;
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth
Who brings salvation down on earth.

4

2. Let ev'ry nation ev'ry age
In this delightful work engage,
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her King.

8

Common Metre.

HOSANNA to the Prince of grace;
Sion, behold thy King!

Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

4

2. Hosanna to th' Eternal Word
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord
With blessings on his name.

8

Short Metre.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

4

* Out of my book of Hymns I have here added the Hosanna, and Glory to the Father, &c. to be sung at the end of any of these songs, according to the direction of parents or governors.

2. To Christ th' anointed King,

Be endless blessings giv'n;

Let the whole earth his glory sing

Who made our peace with Heav'n.

Glory to the Father and the Son, &c.

Long Metre.

To God the Father, God the Son,

And God the Spirit, Three in One,

Be honour, praise, and glory, giv'n

By all on earth and all in heav'n.

Common Metre.

Now let the Father, and the Son,

And Spirit, be ador'd

Where there are works to make him known

Or saints to love the Lord.

Short Metre.

GIVE to the Father praise,

Give glory to the Son,

And to the Spirit of his grace

Be equal honour done.

SPECIMEN

MORAL SONGS;

Such as I wish some happy and condescending genius would undertake for the use of children, and perform much better.

THE sense and subjects might be borrowed plentifully from the Proverbs of Solomon, from all the common appearances of nature, from all the occurrences in civil life, both in city and country (which would also afford matter for other divine songs.) Here the language and measures should be easy, and flowing with cheerfulness, solid or without the solemnities of religion, or the sacred names of God and holy things, that children might find delight and profit together.

This would be one effectual way to deliver them from the temptation of loving or learning these idle, wanton, or profane, songs which give so early an ill taint to the fancy and memory, and become the seeds of future vices.

I. The Sluggard.

"Tis the voice of the Sluggard; I heard him complain
"You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again."
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

2. "A little more sleep and a little more slumber;"
Thus he wastes half his days and his hours without
number,

And when he gets up he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about fant'ring, or trifling he stands. 3

3. I pass'd by his garden and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle, grow broader and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags,
And his money still wastes till he starves or he begs. 12

4. I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his mind;
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking,
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

5. Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me,"
That man's but a picture of what I might be:
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and read-
ing. 20

II. Innocent Play.

ABROAD in the meadows to see the young lambs,

Run sporting about by the side of their dams,

With fleeces so clean and so white,

Or a nest of young doves in a large open cage,

When they play all in love without anger or rage,

How much we may learn from the sight, 26

Turns his face, and his shoulders, and his heavy head

1. If we had been ducks we might dabble in mud,
 Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood;
 So foul and so fierce are their natures;
 But Thomas and William, and such pretty names,
 Should be cleanly and harmless as doves or as lambs,
 Those lovely sweet innocent creatures. 12

3. Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say
 Should hinder another in jesting or play,
 For he's still in earnest that's hurt;
 How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and mud!
 There's none but a madman will fling about fire,
 And tell you " 'Tis all but in sport." 12

2. The Rose has one pow'ful virtue to boast
 Above all the flow'rs of the field,
 When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are lost,
 Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!
 So frail is the youth and the beauty of man,
 Tho' they bloom and look gay like the Rose,
 But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
 Time kills them as fast as he goes. 12

3. So frail is the youth and the beauty of man,
 Tho' they bloom and look gay like the Rose,
 But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
 Time kills them as fast as he goes. 12

1. Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
 Since both of them wither and fade,
 But gain a good name by well doing my duty,
 This will scent like a Rose when I'm dead.

IV. *The Thief.*

Why should I deprive my neighbour
 Of his goods against his will?
 Hands were made for honest labour,
 Not to plunder or to steal.

2. 'Tis a foolish self-deceiving
 By such tricks to hope for gain;
 All that's ever got by thieving
 Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

3. Have not Eve and Adam taught us
 Their sad profit to compute
 To what dismal state they brought us
 When they stole forbidden fruit!

4. Oft' we see a young beginner
 Practise little pilf'ring ways,
 Till grown up a harden'd sinner
 Then the gallows ends his days.

5. Theft will not be always hidden
 Tho' we fancy none can spy;
 When we take a thing forbidden
 God beholds it with his eye.

6. Guard my heart O God of heav'n!
 Lest I covet what's not mine;
 Lest I steal what is not giv'n
 Guard my heart and hands from sin.

V. *The Ant or Emmet.*

THESE Emmets, how little they are in our eyes!
 We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies
 Without our regard or concern;
 Yet as wise as we are if we went to their school
 There's many a sluggard and many a fool
 Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

2. They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
 But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
 And for winter they lay up their stores;
 They manage their work in such regular forms,
 One would think they foresaw all the frost and the
 And so brought their food within doors. [storms,

3. But I have less sense than a poor creeping Ant
 If I take no due care for the things I shall want,
 Nor provide against dangers in time:
 When death or old age shall stare in my face,
 What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days
 If I trifle away all their prime [are in bloom,

4. Now, now, while my strength and my youth
 Let me think what will serve me when sickness shall
 come,

And pray that my sins be forgiv'n;
 Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey;
 That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay
 I may dwell in a palace in heav'n.

VI. *Good Resolutions.*

1. Tho' I am now in younger days,
 Nor can tell what shall befall me,
 I'll prepare for ev'ry place
 Where my growing age shall call me.
2. Should I e'er be rich or great,
 Others shall partake my good things;
 I'll supply the poor with meat,
 Never shewing scorn nor rudeness.
3. Where I see the blind or lame,
 Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;
 I deserve to feel the same
 If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.
4. If I meet with railing tongues,
 Why should I return them railing;
 Since I best revenge my wrongs
 By my patience never failing?
5. When I hear them telling lies,
 Talking foolishly, cursing, swearing,
 First I'll try to make them wise,
 Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

6. What tho' I be low and mean?
 I'll engage the rich to love me
 While I'm modest, neat, and clean,
 And submit when they reprove me. 24

7. If I should be poor and sick
 I shall meet I hope with pity,
 Since I love to help the weak
 Tho' they're neither fair nor witty. 28

8. I'll not willingly offend,
 Nor be easily offended;
 What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
 And endure what can't be mended. 32

9. May I be so watchful still
 O'er my humours and my passion
 As to speak and do no ill
 Tho' it should be all the fashion. 36

10. Wicked fashions lead to hell;
 Ne'er may I be found complying,
 But in life behave so well
 Not to be afraid of dying. 40

VII. A Summer Evening.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
 How lovely and joyful the course that he run!
 Tho' he rose in a mist when his race he begun,

And there follow'd some droopings of rain; W. 4
 But now the fair traveller's come to the west; H. 1
 His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best, H. 1
 He paints the skies gay as he sinks to his rest, H. 1
 And foretels a bright rising again. H. 8

2. Just such is the Christian; his course he begins
 Like the sun in a mist while he mourns for his sins,
 And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
 And travels his heav'nly way; H. 12
 But when he comes nearer to finish his race, H. 1
 Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace, H. 1
 And gives a sure hope at the end of his days H. 1
 Of rising in brighter array. H. 16

*A Cradle Hymn.** H. 1

Hush! my dear! lie still and slumber,
 Holy angels guard thy bed, H. 1
 Heav'nly blessings without number H. 1
 Gently falling on thy head. H. 4

2. Sleep my babe! thy food and raiment,
 House and home, thy friends provide.
 All without thy care or payment;
 All thy wants are well supply'd. H. 8

* Some copies of this Hymn having got abroad already in-
 to several hands, the Author has been persuaded to permit it
 to appear in publick at the end of these Songs for Children.

9. See the kinder shepherds round him well;
Telling wonders from the sky;
There they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother by.

10. See the lovely Babe a-dressing,
Lovely Infant how he smil'd!
When he wept the mother's blessing
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy Child.

11. Lo! he slumbers in his manger
Where the horned oxen feed!
Peace, my Darling! there's no danger,
Here's no ox anear thy bed.

12. 'Twas to save thee, child! from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

13. May'st thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face and sing his praise!

14. I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

4

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

I. *Searching after God.*

My God I love and I adore,
But souls that love would know thee more.
Wilt thou for ever hide and stand
Behind the labours of thy hand?
Thy hand unseen sustains the poles
On which this huge creation rolls;
The starry arch proclaims thy pow'r,
Thy pencil glows in ev'ry flow'r;
In thousand shapes and colours rise
Thy painted wonders to our eyes,
While beasts and birds with lab'ring throats
Teach us a God in thousand notes.
The meanest pin in nature's frame
Marks out some letter of thy name.
Where sense can reach or fancy rove,
From hill to hill, from field to grove,
Across the waves, around the sky,
There's not a spot or deep or high
Where the Creator has not trod
And left the footstep of a God.

But are his footsteps all that we
Poor grov'ling worms must know or see?
Thou Maker of my vital frame,
Unvail thy face, pronounce thy name.

Shine to my sight, and let the ear 25
Which thou hast form'd thy language hear.
Where is thy residence? oh why
Dost thou avoid my searching eye,
My longing sense? Thou great Unknown,
Say, do the clouds conceal thy throne? 30
Divide, ye clouds! and let me see
The Pow'r that gives me leave to be.

Or art thou all diffus'd abroad
Thro' boundless space, a present God,
Unseen, unheard, yet ever near? 35
What shall I do to find thee here?
Is there not some mysterious art
To feel thy presence at my heart,
To hear thy whispers soft and kind
In holy silence of the mind? 40
Then rest my thoughts, no longer roam
In quest of joy, for heav'n's at home.

But oh! thy beams of warmest love,
Sure they were made for worlds above!
How shall my soul her pow'rs extend 45
Beyond where time and nature end,
To reach those heights, thy best abode,
And meet thy kindest smiles, my God?
What shall I do? I wait thy call;
Pronounce the word, my life, my all! 50
Oh for a wing to bear me far
Beyond the golden morning-star!

Rain would I trace th' immortal way
 That leads to courts of endless day,
 Where the Creator stands confess'd
 In his own fairest glories dress'd.
 Some shining spirit help me rise,
 Come waft a stranger thro' the skies;
 Bless'd Jesus! meet me on the road,
 First offspring of th' Eternal God,
 Thy hand shall lead a younger son,
 Clothe me with vestures yet unknown,
 And place me near my Father's throne.

II. *To Dorio. The first Lyrick Hour.*

"ALBIS dormiit in rosis,
 "Liliisque jacens et violis dies,
 "Primæ cui potui vigil
 "Somnum Pieriâ rumpere barbito,
 "Curæ dum vacuus puer
 "Formosi legerem littora Narviæ.
 "Ex illo mihi posteri
 "Florent sole dies, &c.

Casimire.

Above lines imitated.

'T WAS an unclouded sky. The daystar sat
 On highest noon. No breezes fann'd the grove,
 Nor the musicians of the air pursu'd
 Their artless warblings, while the sultry day

(H ij

Lay all diffus'd and slumb'ring on the bosom
 Of the white lily, the perfum'd jonquil,
 And lovely blushing rose: Then first my harp,
 Lab'ring with childish innocence and joy,
 Brake silence, and awoke the smiling hour
 With infant notes, saluting the fair skies,
 (Heav'n's highest work) the fair enamell'd meads,
 And tall green shades along the winding banks
 Of Avon gently flowing. Thence my days
 Commenc'd harmonious; there began my skill
 To vanquish care by the sweet-sounding string. 15

Hail happy hour! O blest remembrance, hail!
 And banish woes for ever. Harps were made
 For heav'n's beatitudes: there Jesse's son
 Tunes his bold lyre with majesty of sound
 To the creating and allruling Pow'r. 20
 Not unattentive, while ten thousand tongues
 Of hymning seraphs and disembod' d saints
 Echo the joys and graces round the hills
 Of Paradise, and spread Messiah's name.
 Transporting bliss! Make haste ye rolling spheres, 25
 Ye circling suns, ye winged minutes; haste,
 Fulfil my destin'd period here, and raise
 The meanest son of harmony to join
 In that celestial concert. 29

III. *The Hebrew Poet.*

This Ode represents the difficulty of a just translation of the Psalms of David in all their Hebrew glory, with an apology for the imitation of them in Christian language.

[*The first hint borrowed from Casimire, Jessus quisquis, &c. Book iv. Ode 7.*]

SHew me the man that dares and sings
Great David's verse to British strings;
Sublime attempt! but bold and vain
As building Babel's tow'r again.

2. The bard* that climb'd to Cooper's Hill,
Reaching at Sion sham'd his skill,
And bids the sons of Albion own
That Judah's Psalmist reigns alone.

3. Blest poet! now like gentle Thames
He sooths our ears with silver streams;
Like his own Jordan now he rolls,
And sweeps away our captive souls.

4. Softly the tuneful shepherd leads
The Hebrew flocks to flow'ry meads,
He marks their path with notes divine
While fountains spring with oil and wine.

* Sir John Denham, who gained great reputation by his poem called Cooper's Hill, failed in his translation of the Psalms of David.

5. Rivers of peace attend his song,
And draw their milky train along;
He jars, and lo! the flints are broke,
But honey issues from the rock. 20

6. When kindling with victorious fire,
He shakes his lance across the lyre,
The lyre resounds unknown alarms,
And sets the Thunderer in arms. 24

7. Behold the God! th' almighty King
Rides on a tempest's glorious wings,
His ensigns lighten round the sky,
And moving legions sound on high. 28

8. Ten thousand cherubs wait his course,
Chariots of fire and flaming horse;
Earth trembles, and her mountains flow
At his approach like melting snow. 32

9. But who those frowns of wrath can draw
That strike heav'n, earth, and hell, with awe?
Red lightning from his eyelids broke,
His voice was thunder hail and smoke. 36

10. He spake; the cleaving waters fled,
And stars beheld the ocean's bed:
While the great Master strikes his lyre
You see the frightened floods retire. 40

11. In heaps the frightened billows stand
Waiting the changes of his hand;
He leads his Israel thro' the sea,
And wat'ry mountains guard their way. 44

12. Turning his hand with sov'reign sweep
He drowns all Egypt in the deep,
Then guides the tribes, a glorious band
Thro' deserts to the promis'd lands

13. Here camps with wide embattled force,
Here gates and bulwarks stop their course:
He storms the mounds, the bulwark falls,
The harp lies strow'd with ruin'd walls.

14. See his broad sword flies o'er the strings,
And mows down nations with their kings;
From ev'ry chord his bolts are hurl'd,
And vengeance smites the rebel world.

15. Lo! the great poet shifts the scene,
And shews the face of God serene:
Truth, meekness, peace, salvation, ride
With guards of justice at his side.

16. No meaner Muse could weave the light
To form his robes divinely bright,
Or frame a crown of stars to shine
With beams for Majesty divine.

17. Now in prophetick light he sees
Ages to come and dark decrees
He brings the Prince of glory down
Stript of his robe and starry crown.

18. See Jews and Heathens fir'd with rage,
See their combining pow'rs engage
Against th' Anointed of the Lord,
The man whom angels late ador'd!

19. God's only Son, behold he dies!
 Surprising grief! the groans arise,
 The lyre complains on ev'ry string,
 And mourns the murder of her King. 76

20. But Heav'n's Anointed must not dwell
 In death: the vanquish'd pow'rs of hell
 Yield to the harp's diviner lay;
 The grave resigns th' illustrious prey. 80

21. Messiah lives! Messiah reigns!
 The song surmounts the airy plains
 T' attend her Lord with joys unknown
 And bear the Victor to his throne. 84

22. Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
 Behold the Lord of glory nigh;
 Eternal doors your leaves display
 To make the Lord of glory way. 88

23. What mortal bard has skill or force
 To paint these scenes to tread this course,
 Or furnish thro' th' ethereal road
 A triumph for a rising God? 92

24. Astonish'd at so vast a flight
 Thro' flaming worlds and floods of light
 My Muse her awful distance keeps,
 Still following, but with trembling steps. 96

25. She bids her humble verse explain
 The Hebrew harp's sublimer strain;
 Points to her Saviour still, and shows
 What course the sun of glory goes. 100

26. Here he ascends behind a cloud
Of incense *, there he sets in blood †:
She reads his labours and his names
In spicy smoke † and bleeding lambs †. 104

27. Richard the graces which she draws
From types, and shades, and Jewish laws,
With thousand glories long foretold
To turn the future age to gold. 108

28. Grace is her theme and joy and love:
Descend ye blessings from above
And crown my song. Eternal God!
Forgive the Muse that dreads thy rod. 112

29. Silent! she hears thy vengeance roll,
That crushes mortals to the soul,
Nor dares assume the bolt, nor sheds
Th' immortal curses on their heads. 116

30. Yet since her God is still the same,
And David's son is all her theme,
She begs some humble place to sing
In concert with Judea's King. 120

IV. *Divine goodness in the Creation.*

WHEN God the new-made world survey'd
His word pronounc'd the building good;
Sunbeams and light the heav'n's array'd,
And the whole earth was crown'd with food. 4

* Christ's intercession. † His sacrifice.

2. Colours that charm and ease the eye
His pencil spread all nature round,
With pleasing blue he arch'd the sky,
And a green carpet dress'd the ground. 8

3. Let envious Atheists ne'er complain
That nature wants or skill or care,
But turn their eyes all round in vain
T' avoid their Maker's goodness there. 12

V. The sacred concert of praise.

COME, pretty birds, fly to this verdant shade,
Here let our diff'rent notes in praise conspire;
'Twas the same hand your painted pinions spread,
That form'd my nobler pow'rs to raise his honours
higher. 4

2. Fair songsters come; beneath the sacred grove
We'll sit, and teach the woods our Maker's name:
Men have forgot his works, his pow'r, his love,
Forgot the mighty arm that rear'd their wondrous
frame. 8

3. I search the crowded court, the busy street,
Run thro' the villages, trace ev'ry road:
In vain I search, for ev'ry heart I meet
Is laden with the world and empty of its God. 12

4. How shall I bear with men to spend my days?
Dear feather'd innocents! you please me best:
My God has fram'd your voices for his praise;
His high designs are answer'd by your tuneful breast. 16

5. Sweet warblers! come, wake all your cheerful
 tongues,
 We join with angels and their heav'nly choirs;
 Our humble airs may imitate their songs,
 Tho' bolder are their notes and purer are their fires. 20
6. Had I ten thousand hearts, my God! my Love!
 Had I ten thousand voices, all are thine:
 Where love inflames the soul the lips must move,
 Nor shall the song be mortal where the theme is di-
 vine. 24

VI. *The world a stranger to God.*

INFINITE beauty, everlasting love,
 How are our hearts, our thoughts, estrang'd from thee!
 Th' Eternal God surrounds us, yet we rove
 In chase of airy toys, and follow as they flee. 4

2. Oh could I cry and make the nations hear,
 From north to south my voice should teach thy name;
 I'd tell them that they buy their joys too dear,
 And pay immortal souls for glitt'ring dust or fame. 8

3. Almighty Pow'r! break off these chains of sense,
 Melt them away with love's celestial fire,
 Create the world anew; let man commence
 A seraph here on earth, let man to heav'n aspire. 12

VII. *The midnight elevation.*

Now reigns the night in her sublimest noon,
 Nature lies hush'd, the stars their watches keep,
 I wait thy influence gentle sleep;
 Come shed thy choicest poppies down.

On ev'ry sense; sweet slumbers seal my eyes, 5
Tir'd with the scenes of day, with painted vanities.

2. In vain I wish in vain I try
To close my eyes and learn to die;
Sweet slumbers from my restless pillow fly.
Then be my thoughts serene as day,
Be sprightly as the light,
Swift as the sun's far-shooting ray,
And take a vigorous flight:
Swift fly my soul, transcend these dusky skies,
And trace the vital world that lies 15
Beyond those glimm'ring fires that gild and cheer the
night.

3. There Jesus reigns, adored name!
The second on the throne supreme,
In whose mysterious form combine
Created glories and divine: 20
The joy and wonder of the realms above,
At his command all their wing'd squadrons move,
Burn with his fire and triumph in his love.

4. There souls releas'd from earth's dark bondage
live,
My Reynold's there with Howe and Boyle are found;
Not time nor nature could their genius bound, 26
And now they soar, and now they dive
In that unlimitable deep where thought itself is
drown'd.
They aid the seraphs while they sing;
God is their unexhausted theme: 30

Light, life, and joy, from that immortal Spring
 O'erflow the blessed millions with an endless stream.
 Amazing state! divine abode! [God.
 Where spirits find their heav'n while they are lost in
 5. Hail! holy souls, no more confin'd
 To limbs and bones that clog the mind;
 Ye have escap'd the snares and left the chains behind.
 We wretched prisoners here below,
 What do we see, or learn, or know,
 But scenes of various folly, guilt, and wo?
 Life's buzzing sounds and flatt'ring colours play
 Round our fond sense and waste the day,
 Enchant the fancy, vex the lab'ring soul;
 Each rising sun, each lightsome hour,
 Beholds the busy slav'ry we endure;
 Nor is our freedom full, or contemplation pure,
 When night and sacred silence overspread the pole.

6. Reynolds! thou late ascended mind,
 Employ'd in various thought and tuneful song,
 What happy moment shall my soul unbind,
 And bid me join the harmonious throng?
 Oh for a wing to rise to thee!
 When shall my eyes those heav'nly wonders see?
 When shall I taste those comforts with an ear refin'd?

7. Roll on apace ye Spheres sublime,
 Swift drive thy chariot round illustrious moon,
 Haste all ye twinkling measurers of time,
 Ye can't fulfil your course too soon.

Kindle my languid pow'r's celestial love,
 Point all my passions to the courts above,
 Then send the convoy down to guard my last remove.
 8. Thrice happy world! where gilded toys
 No more disturb our thoughts, no more pollute our
 There light and shade succeed no more by turns, [joys!
 There reigns th' eternal sun with an unclouded ray,
 There all is calm as night, yet all immortal day,
 And truth for ever shines and love for ever burns. 67

VIII.

" Nos numerus sumus, et fruges consumere nati.

" ——— Alcinoique juvenus

" Cai pulchrum fuit in medios dormire dies, &c.

Horace.

Above lines paraphrased.

THERE are a number of us creep
 Into this world to eat and sleep,
 And know no reason why they're born
 But merely to consume the corn,
 Devour the cattle fowl and fish,
 And leave behind an empty dish.
 The crows and ravens do the same,
 Unlucky birds of hateful name;
 Ravens or crows might fill their place,
 And swallow corn and carcasses,

Then if their tombstone when they die
 Be n't taught to flatter and to lie;
 There's nothing better will be said
 Than that "They 'ave eat up all their bread,
 "Drank up their drink and gone to bed." 15

IX.

— "EXACTO contentus tempore vitæ
 "Cedat uti conviva satur.
 "Lufisti fatis, edisti fatis atque bibisti;
 "Tempus abire tibi." *Horace.*

Which may be thus put into English.

LIFE's but a feast; and when we die
 Horace would say, if he were by,
 "Friend! thou hast eat and drank enough;
 "'Tis time now to be marching off;
 "Then like a wellfed guest depart
 "With cheerful looks and ease at heart;
 "Bid all your friends good-night, and say
 "You 'ave done the bus'ness of the day."

Reflection.

Deluded souls! that sacrifice
 Eternal hopes above the skies;
 And pour their lives out all in waste
 To the vile idol of their taste!

The highest heav'n of their pursuit
Is to live equal with the brute;
Happy if they could die as well,
Without a judge, without a hell!

X. Youth and Death.

—“TENER vitulus relictâ
“Matre, qui largis Juvenescit herbis
“In mea vota :
“Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes
“Tertium Lunæ referentis ortum,
“Quâ notam duxit niveus videri,
“Cetera fulvus.

Horace.

Above lines put into English.

A Milkwhite mark its spreading front adorns,
Shap'd like a moon of three days old,
The silver curve divides its budding horns,
And all besides is gold. 4
The pretty creature, wild in wanton play,
Now frisks about the flow'ry mead;
Loose from the dam it knows no grief to-day,
But must to-morrow bleed. 8

XI. Babylon destroyed, or, The 137th Psalm translated.

WHEN by the flowing brooks we sat,
The brooks of Babylon the proud,
We thought on Sion's mournful state,
And wept her woes and wail'd aloud. 4

2. Thoughtless of ev'ry cheerful air
(For grief had all our harps unstrung)
Our harps, neglected in despair,
And silent, on the willows hung. 8

3. Our foes who made our land their spoil,
Our barbarous lords, with haughty tongues
Bid us forget our groans a while,
And give a taste of Sion's songs. 12

4. How shall we sing in Heathen lands
Our holy songs to ears profane?
Lord! shall our lips at their commands
Pronounce thy dreadful name in vain! 16

5. Forbid it Heav'n! O vile abuse!
Sion in dust forbids it too!
Shall hymns inspir'd for sacred use
Be sung to please a scoffing crew? 20

6. O let my tongue grow dry, and cleave
Fast to my mouth in silence still;
Let some avenging pow'r bereave
My fingers of their tuneful skill, 24

7. If I thy sacred rites profane,
O Salem! or thy dust despise;
If I indulge one cheerful strain
Till I shall see thy tow'rs arise. 28

8. 'Twas Edom bid the conqu'ring foe
"Down with the tow'rs and raise thy walls:"
Requite her Lord! but, Babel, know
Thy guilt for fiercer vengeance calls. 32

9. As thou hast spar'd nor sex nor age,
Deaf to our infants' dying groans,
May some bless'd hand inspir'd with rage
Dash thy young babes and tinge the stones! 36

XII. EPITAPHIUM MONSTRI CUJUSDAM,

APUD ANGLIOS VULGO DICTI

BIGOTRY.

Terra et Tenebris mandati.

Autore diu incognito, viro ingenioso et vere pio

JOHANNE REYNOLDS,

"Hic jacet (semperque jaceat!)

"Pietatis cadaver,

"Improbitalis corpus,

"Religionis larva,

"Sanctimonie hostis et umbra,

"Divini imago zeli, et pellis,

"Ecclesia simia simul et lupus.

2. "Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui

"Romæ antiquæ natum, [lumen ademptum.

"Novæ in tutelam acceptum,

"In caliginosis Vaticanæ adytis,

"Humano sanguine et pulvere pyric.

"Nutritum, saginatum.

3. "Hispanicæ nationis incola,
 "Gallicis deinde regionibus hospes
 "Jamdudum gratissimis;
 "Veteris quidem, novique orbis,
 "Humani generis et commodi causâ
 "Peregrinator assiduus,
 4. "Linguarum utpote quarumcunque peritus;
 "Sextus itidem utriusque particeps.
 "Mentium illuminator flammeus,
 "Acutissimis dubitantium ductor,
 "Qui laqueis, ensibus, incendiisque,
 "Reluctantium animarum catervas
 "Festinas in cœlum amandas;
 "Celerrimus orbis converfor.
 "Conspirationum exitialem,
 "Verarum pariter ac simulatarum
 "(Mali reverà machinarum infandi)
 "Artifex dexterrimus.
 5. "Ecclesiæ sub nomine et cultu,
 "Sub pelle ovina et vultu,
 "Libertatis penitus ecclesiastica,
 "Commercii penè civilis,
 "Ac societatis humanæ
 "Indomitus vastator et prædo.
 6. "Artibus politis, politicisque,
 "Critices nexibus, logicæque strophis
 "Calamorum, linguæque telis,
 "Conciliorum, canonumque bombardis,

" Cæterisque gentis togatæ armamentisquæ "

" Bellator instructissimus. "

7. " Cui furor, ac odium, ac nefas, "

" Fastusque ac seculi amor, "

" Perjuria, piæque fraudes, "

" Truculenta partium studia, "

" Implicitæ fidei, tyrannidisque, "

" Obsequii proinde passivi, "

" Ignorantiæ ac moriæ encomia, "

" Comites fuerunt solennes. "

8. " Cui nugæ, triciæque, calendæ, "

" Quisquilæ, diræ, exequiæque, "

" Bullæ minantes, et bruta fulmina, "

" Vota sacrilega, ac legendæ, "

" Jecur theologicum, bilisque, "

" Aspera æque ac atra, "

" Pompæ theatrales, ritusque "

" Obsoleti simul et decentes, "

" Cordi fuere et cibo. "

9. " Ordinis ut plurimum clericalis, "

" Gregis potissimum Loyolitici, "

" Congregationis prætereà venerandæ "

" De propagandâ per orbem fide, "

" Coccenatus antistes. "

10. " Nobilissimæ inquisitionis curiæ, "

" (Solertissimæ hæreticorum muscipulæ) "

" Primævus fundator, et præses. "

" Amplissimo cardinalium concessui, "

"Necnon sanctissimo S. R. ecclesie 70

"Patri capitique.

"A secretioribus semper consiliis.

11. "Christiani insuper orbis totius

"Tam per orientales, quam occidentales

"Mundi plagas 75

"Misere secum militantis

"(Et quid, quæso, dicendum?)

"Antesignanus semper triumphans.

12. "Insulæ Britannicæ extraneis ab hostibus

"Pelagi mœnibus necnon ab navium 80

"Propugnaculis bene munitæ,

"Bonis præterea domesticis,

"Quâ sacris, quâ civilibus

"(Bona si tandem sua noverit)

"Omnium fortunatissima 85

"(Proh dolor! proh pudor!)

"Intestinus divisor et helluo.

13. I fuge viator, malignum

"Hujusce spulchri vaporem!

"Latare, festina, et ora 90

"Ne sphingi adeo nefandæ

"Ullus in ævum

"Resurrectionis concedatur locus." 95

Over the continent and round the world
Over the old world and the new
Marking money to spend
On dragons wings the lady flew
And gave its feet no rest.

XII. AN EPITAPH ON BIGOTRY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN,

Which was written by the late pious and ingenious

MR. JOHN REYNOLDS,

And inserted in the Occasional Paper, Vol. III. Numb. 6.

HERE lies (and may it here for ever lie)
The carcass of dead Piety,
Shadow of grace, substantial sin,
Religion's mask and gaudy dress,
The form and fee of holiness,
The image and the plague of zeal divine.
Its dwelling was the church; in double shape,
Half was a murd'ring wolf and half a mimick ape.

2. A monster horrid to the sight,
Hideous, deform'd, and void of light;
'Twas born at Rome,
'Twas nurs'd at home,
In the dark cloisters of the Vatican;
Its lungs inspir'd with heaving lies,
Its bulk well fatten'd to prodigious size
With gunpowder and blood of man.

3. Ancient inhabitant of Spain,
And long in France a welcome guest;
Over the continent and main,
Over the old world and the new, 20
Mankind and money to pursue,
On dragons' wings the Harpy flew,
And gave its feet no rest.

4. All languages the Fury spake,
 And did of either sex partake :
 Flaming enlightner of the mind,
 And headlong leader of the blind,
 Oft' has it dragg'd the doubtful tongue to speak
 While the pain'd conscience left the truth behind.
 By gibbet, sword, and fire,
 It made whole tribes of men expire,
 And to the skies their groaning ghosts it hurl'd,
 A swift converter of the world.
 Dext'rous in all the arts of blood,
 Skill'd to contrive or counterfeit
 Mysterious mischief, plots of state,
 Those murd'rous engines to destroy the good.

The Muse here tiring begs the reader's leave to release herself from the bonds and labours of rhyme and metre by a mere imitation of the next thirty lines in prose.

5. Under the name and habit of the church,
 Under the countenance and clothing of a sheep,
 It became the most savage and rampant
 Plund'rer and waster of human society,
 Made fearful inroads on all civil commerce,
 And left religious liberty expiring.

6. A warrior well furnish'd
 With all arts politick and polite,
 With the knotty embarrassments of criticism,
 The hamp'ring chains and subtilties of logick,

And the jav'lines of pen and tongue,
 With the roaring ordinance of councils and canons,
 - And all the artillery of the schools and gown,

7. Fury, hatred, and mischief,
 Love of this world, pride and disdain,
 With perjuries, falsehoods, and pious frauds,
 And raging party-zeal,
 Were its necessary and everlasting attendants.
 High encomiums and endless applause
 Of guides infallible and faith implicit,
 Of hereditary and divine right,
 Of unlimited pow'r and passive obedience
 To tyrant priests and kings,
 With the immortal praise and merit
 Of stupid ignorance and blind submission,
 Were heralds to prepare its way.

8. Trifles, and tricks, and solemn fooleries,
 Legends and silly tales,
 Old almanacks and mouldy musty relicks,
 Sweepings of ancient tombs,
 Vows, pilgrimages, charms and consecrations,
 Rites obsolete, and novel ceremonies
 Both decent and indecent,
 Monkish vows and superstitious austerities,
 With words of sacerdotal absolution
 And sacerdotal vengeance,
 Squibs, crackers, excommunications, curses,
 Roaring bulls and vain thunders,

Mixt up with priestly choler bitter and black;
Were its delicious food.

[*Now metre and rhyme proceed.*]

9. A purple prelate, chosen to preside
Over the whole Ignation drove,
And all the clergy tribes beside,
All but the sacred few that mix their zeal with love;
In ev'ry diff'rent sect 't was known,
It made the cassock and the cowl its own;
Now stalk'd in formal cloke, now flutter'd in the gown.

10. At what dark hour for'er
The curst divan at Rome were met
Catholick faith to propagate
This monster fill'd the chair,
The conclave dress'd in bonnets red,
With three-crown'd tyrant at their head
Made it their privy-counsellors;
The Inquisition court (a bloody crew,
Artful to set the solemn trap
That lets no heretick escape)
O was it her president and founder too!

11. Oft' as the church in east or western lands
Rising against herself in arms
In her own blood imbru'd her hands
This chief led on th' unnatural war,
Or did the bloody standards bear
Or sound the field alarms;

Volume VII.

How wisdom flows

The spring whence living waters flow.

Victorious still (And what can more be said
Of all the living warriors or the heroes dead?)

12. Britain! a land well stor'd with ev'ry good
That nature, law, religion, gives;
A land where sacred freedom thrives;
Bless'd isle! if her own weal she understood:
Her sons immur'd with guardian Ocean sleep;
And castles floating on the deep;
Fenc'd from all foreign foes. O shame, O sin!
Her sons had let this baleful mischief in;
This hellish Fury, who with flattering breath
Did first divide and then devour;
And made wild waste where'er she spread her pow'r;
Behold she meets her fatal hour;
And lies in chain'd in death.

13. Shout at thy grave O traveller!
Triumphant joys that reach the skies
Are here the justest obsequies;
Shout thrice, then fly afar
The pois'nous steams and stench of the sepulchre;
Go turn thy face to heav'n, and pray
That such a hateful monster never may

Obtain a resurrection-day.

XIII. *An hymn to Christ Jesus, the Eternal Life.*

WHERE shall the tribes of Adam find
The sov'reign good to fill the mind
Ye sons of moral wisdom show
The spring whence living waters flow.

2. Say, will the Stoick's flinty heart
Melt and this cordial juice impart?
Could Plato find these blissful dreams
Amongst his raptures and his dreams?

3. In vain I ask, for Nature's power
Extends but to this mortal hour:
'Twas but a poor relief she gave
Against the terrors of the grave.

4. Jesus! our kinsman and our God,
Array'd in majesty and blood,
Thou art our life; our souls in thee
Possess a full felicity.

5. All our immortal hopes are laid
In thee our surety and our head:
Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,
Are big with glories yet unknown.

6. Let Atheists scoff and Jews blaspheme
Th' Eternal Life and Jesus' name,
A word of his almighty breath
Dooms the rebellious world to death.

7. But let my soul for ever lie
Beneath the blessings of thine eye;
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
To see thy face to taste thy love.

Kij

XIV. *David's lamentation over Saul and Jonathan, 2 Sam.*

i. 19. &c. *paraphrased thus.*

UNHAPPY day! distressing sight!
 Israel, the land of Heav'n's delight,
 How is thy strength thy beauty fled!
 On the high places of the fight
 Behold thy princes fall'n thy sons of vict'ry dead.

2. Ne'er be it told in Gath, nor known
 Among the streets of Askelon:
 How will Philistia's youth rejoice
 And triumph in our shame,
 And girls with weak unhallow'd voice
 Chant the dishonours of the Hebrew name!

3. Mountains of Gilboa, let no dew
 Nor fruitful show'rs descend on you:
 Curse on your fields thro' all the year,
 No flow'ry blessings there appear,
 Nor golden ranks of harvest stand
 To grace the altar or to feed the land.
 'Twas in those inauspicious fields
 Judean heroes lost their shields;
 'Twas there (ah hafe reproach and scandal of the day!)
 Thy shield, O Saul! was cast away,
 As tho' the prophet's horn had never shed
 Its sacred odours on thy head.

4. The sword of Saul had ne'er till now
 Awoke to war in vain,
 Nor Jonathan withdrawn his bow
 Without an army slain.

Where truth and honour mark'd their way,
 Not eagles swifter to their prey,
 Nor lions strong or bold as they.

5. Graceful in arms and great in war
 Were Jonathan and Saul,
 Pleasant in life and manly fair,
 Nor death divides the royal pair,
 And thousands share their fall.

Daughters of Israel! melt your eyes
 To softer tears, and swell your sighs;
 Disrob'd, disgrac'd, your monarch lies
 On the bleak mountains pale and cold:
 He made rich scarlet your array;
 Bright were your looks, your bosoms gay
 With gems of regal gift and interwoven gold.

6. How are the princes sunk in death!
 Fall'n on the shameful ground!
 There my own Jonathan resign'd his breath:
 On the high places where he stood
 He lost his honours and his blood:
 Oh execrable arm that gave the mortal wound!

7. My Jonathan, my better part,
 My brother, and (that dearer name) my friend;
 I feel the mortal wound that reach'd thy heart,
 And here my comforts end.
 How pleasant was thy love to me!
 Amazing passion, strong and free!

No dangers could thy steady soul remove : 33
 Not the soft virgin loves to that degree,
 Nor man to that degree does the soft virgin love.
 To name my joys awakes my pain ;
 The dying friend runs cold thro' ev'ry vein.

My Jonathan ! my dying friend ! 60
 How thick my woes arise ! where will my sorrows end ?

8. Unhappy day ! distressing fight !
 Israel, the land of Heav'n's delight,
 How are thy princes fall'n, thy sons of vict'ry slain !
 The broken bow, the shiver'd spear,
 With all the fully'd pomp of war,
 In rude confusion spread,
 Promiscuous lie among the dead,
 A lamentable rout o'er all th' inglorious plain. 69

XV. *On the fight of Queen Mary in the year 1694.*

I Saw the illustrious form, I saw
 Beauty that gave the nations law :
 Her eyes, like mercy on a throne,
 In condescending grandeur shone. 4

2. That blooming face ! how lovely fair
 Hath Nature mix'd her wonders there !
 The rosy Morn such lustre shows
 Glancing along the Scythian snows. 8

3. Her shape, her motion, and her mien,
 All heav'nly ; such are angels seen
 When the bright vision grows intense,
 And fancy aids our feebl' sense. 12

4. Earth's proudest idols dare not vie
 With such superiour majesty;
 A kindling vapour might as soon
 Rise from the bogs and mate the moon. 16

5. I'll call no Raphael from his rest;
 Such charms can never be express:
 Pencil and paint were never made
 To draw pure light without a shade. 20

6. Britain beholds her Queen with pride,
 And mighty William at her side
 Gracing the throne, while at their feet
 With humble joy three nations meet. 24

7. Secure of empire, she might lay
 Her crown, her robes, and state away,
 And 'midst ten thousand nymphs be seen;
 Her beauty would proclaim the Queen. 28

Epanorthosis.

8. Her guardian angel heard my song:
 Fond man, he cry'd, forbear to wrong
 My lovely charge. So vulgar eyes
 Gaze at the stars and praise the skies. 32

9. Rudely they praise who dwell below
 And heav'n's true glories never know,
 Where stars and planets are no more
 Than pebbles scatter'd on the floor. 36

10. So where celestial virtues join'd
 Form an incomparable mind
 Crowns, sceptres, beauties, charms, and air,
 Stand but as shining servants there. 40

XVI. *On the effigies of his Royal Highness George late Prince of Denmark, and Lord High Admiral of Great Britain, made in wax, and seated at a banquet near the effigies of her late Majesty Queen Anne,*

All happily performed in a very near imitation of the life by Chrysis, 1705.

So look'd the hero coming from the board
Of naval counsels, and put off his sword;
So sat the Prince, when with a smiling air
He relish'd life and pleas'd his sov'reign fair.
Surprising form! scarce with a softer mien
Did his first love address his future Queen.
Publish the wonder, Fame*; but O! forbear
T' approach the palace and the royal ear,
Lest her impatient love and wishing eye
Seek the dear image, gaze, and mourn, and die. 10
Or stay; the royal mourner will believe
Her George restor'd, and so forget to grieve.
What cannot Chrysis do? those artful hands
Shall raise the hero: lo, in arms he stands!
Fairbourn and Leak† submissive shall espy
War on his brow and orders in his eye. 15
Auspicious, just, and wise: the fleet obeys,
And the French pirates fly the British seas. 18

* This poem was written just after Prince George's death.

† Two British Admirals.

XVII. *Against lechery.*

Why should you let your wand'ring eyes

Entice your souls to shameful sin?

Scandal and ruin are the prize.

You take such fatal pains to win.

2. This brutal vice makes reason blind,

And blots the name with hateful stains;

It wastes the flesh, pollutes the mind,

And tears the heart with racking pains.

3. Let David speak with groans

How it estrang'd his soul from God,

Made him complain of broken bones,

And fill'd his house with wars and blood.

4. Let Solomon and Samson tell

Their melancholy stories here,

How bright they shone, how low they fell,

When sin's vile pleasures cost them dear.

5. In vain you chuse the darkest time,

Nor let the sun behold the sight.

In vain you hope to hide your crime

Behind the curtains of the night.

6. The wakeful stars and midnight moon

Watch your foul deeds and know your shame,

And God's own eye like beams of noon

Strikes thro' the shade and marks your name.

7. What will you do when Heav'n inquires
 Into those scenes of secret sin,
 And lust with all its guilty fires
 Shall make your conscience rage within? 28

8. How will you curse your wanton eyes,
 Curse the lewd partners of your shame;
 When death with horrible surprise
 Shews you the pit of quenchless flame? 32

9. Fly sinners! fly the unlawful bed,
 Lest vengeance send you down to dwell
 In the dark regions of the dead
 To feed the fiercest fires of hell. 36

XVIII. Against drunkenness.

Is it not strange that ev'ry creature
 Should know the measure of its thirst,
 (They drink but to support their nature
 And give due moisture to their dust;) 4

2. While man, vile man, whose nobler kind
 Should scorn to act beneath the beast,
 Drowns all the glories of his mind,
 And kills his soul to please his taste! 8

3. O what a hateful shameful fight
 Are drunkards reeling thro' the street,
 Now they are fond, and now they fight,
 And pour their shame on all they meet. 12

4. Is it so exquisite a pleasure
To troll down liquor thro' the throat,
And swill, and know no bound nor measure,
Till sense and reason are forgot?

5. Do they deserve th' immortal name
Of Man who sink so far below?
Will God the Maker of their frame
Endure to see them spoil'd so low?

6. Can they e'er think of heav'n and grace,
Or hope for glory when they die?
Can such vile ghosts expect a place
Among the shining souls on high?

7. The meanest seat is too refin'd
To entertain a drunkard there;
Ye sinners of this loathsome kind
Repent or perish in despair.

XIX. *Passion and reason.*

Let Astrapé forbear to blaze
As lightning does with dreadful rays,
Nor spoil the beauties of her face
To arm her tongue with thunder:
That reason hardly looks divine
Where so much fire and sound combine,
And make the way for wit to shine
By riving sense afunder.

2. Yet if I found her words grown warm,
 I'd learn some lesson by the storm,
 Or guard myself at least from harm,
 By yielding like Tranquillus †. 12
 Tempests will tear the stiffest oak;
 Cedars with all their pride are broke
 Beneath the fury of that stroke
 That never hurts the willows. 16

XX. *Cowardice and selflove.*

"ILLE igitur nunquam direxit brachia contra
 "Torrentem; nec civis erat, qui libera posset
 "Verba animi proferre, et vitam impendere vero.
 "Sic multas hyemes, atque octogesima vidit
 "Solstitia, his armis, illa quoque tutus in aula." 5
Juvenal.

Above lines paraphrased thus.

HE never was the man that dar'd to swim
 Against the rolling tide or cross the stream;
 He was no patriot, nor indulg'd his breath
 Bravely to speak his sense and venture death.
 Thus he spun out his supple soul, and drew 5
 A length of life amidst a vicious crew;
 Full fourscore years he saw the sun arise
 Guarded by flattery and intrench'd in lies;

† A gentleman of penetrating judgment and a sedate temper, husband of Astræpe.

For 't was his settled judgment from his youth
 One grain of ease was worth a world of truth. 10
 O curst idol Self!
 The wretch that worships thee would dare to tread
 With impious feet on his own father's head
 To scape a rising wave when seas the land invade:
 To gain the safety of some higher ground 15
 He'd trample down the dikes that fence his coun-
 try round [drown'd.
 Amidst a gen'ral flood, and leave the nation

XXI. *Thoughts and Meditations in a long sickness, 1712
 and 1713.*

The hurry of the spirits in a fever and nervous disorders.

My frame of nature is a ruffled sea,
 And my disease the tempest. Nature feels
 A strange commotion to her inmost centre;
 The throne of reason shakes. "Be still my thoughts,
 "Peace and be still." In vain my reason gives
 The peaceful word; my spirit strives in vain
 To calm the tumult and command my thoughts.
 This flesh, this circling blood, these brutal pow'rs,
 Made to obey, turn rebels to the mind,
 Nor hear its laws. The engine rules the man. 10
 Unhappy change! when nature's meaner springs
 Fix'd to impetuous ferments break all order,

When little restless atoms rise and reign
 Tyrants in sov'reign uproar, and impose
 Ideas on the mind, confus'd ideas
 Of non-existents and impossibles,
 Who can describe them? fragments of old dreams
 Borrow'd from midnight, torn from fairy fields
 And fairy skies, and regions of the dead,
 Abrupt, ill-sorted. O't is all confusion!
 If I but close my eyes strange images
 In thousand forms and thousand colours rise,
 Stars, rainbows, moons, green dragons, bears and
 An endless medley, rush upon the stage, [ghosts,
 And dance and riot wild in reason's court
 Above control. I'm in a raging storm,
 Where seas and skies are blended, while my soul
 Like some light worthless chip of floating cork
 Is tost from wave to wave: now overwhelm'd
 With breaking floods I drown, and seem to lose
 All being; now high-mounted on the ridge
 Of a tall foaming surge I'm all at once
 Caught up into the storm, and ride the wind,
 The whistling wind, unmanagable steed
 And feeble rider! hurry'd many a league
 O'er the rising hills of roaring brine,
 Thro' airy wilds unknown, with dreadful speed
 And infinite surprise, till some few minutes
 Have spent the blast, and then perhaps I drop
 Near to the peaceful coast; some friendly billow

Lodges me on the beach and I find rest;
 Short rest I find, for the next rolling wave
 Snatches me back again! then ebbing far
 Sets me adrift, and I am borne off to sea
 Helpless, amidst the bluster of the winds, 45
 Beyond the ken of shore.

Ah! when will these tumultuous scenes be gone?
 When shall this weary spirit, to'ss'd with tempests,
 Harass'd and broken, reach the port of rest,
 And hold it firm? When shall this wayward flesh, 50
 With all th' irregular springs of vital movement
 Ungovernable, return to sacred order,
 And pay their duties to the ruling mind? 53

XXII. *Peace of conscience and prayer for healib.*

YET, gracious God! amidst these storms of nature
 Thine eyes beheld a sweet and sacred calm
 Reign thro' the realms of conscience; all within
 Lies peaceful and compos'd. 'Tis wondrous grace
 Keeps off thy terrors from this humble bosom, 5
 Tho' stain'd with sins and follies, yet serene
 In penitential peace and cheerful hope,
 Sprinkled and guarded with atoning blood,
 Thy vital smiles amidst this desolation,
 Like heav'nly sunbeams hid behind the clouds, 10
 Break out in happy moments, with bright radiance
 Cleaving the gloom; the fair celestial light

Softens and gilds the horrors of the storm,
And richest cordials to the heart conveys!

O glorious solace of immense distress,
A conscience and a God! a friend at home,
And better friend on high! this is my rock,
Of firm support, my shield of sure defence
Against infernal arrows. Rise my soul!
Put on thy courage: here's the living spring
Of joys divinely sweet and ever new,
"A peaceful conscience and a smiling heav'n."

My God! permit a creeping worm to say
"Thy Spirit knows I love thee." Worthless wretch,
To dare to love a God! but grace requires,
And grace accepts. Thou seest my lab'ring soul:
Weak as my zeal is yet my zeal is true;
It bears the trying furnace. Love divine
Constrains me; I am thine. Incarnate love
Has seiz'd and holds me in almighty arms:
Here's my salvation, my eternal hope,
Amidst the wreck of worlds and dying nature
"I am the Lord's and he for ever mine."

O thou allpow'rful Word, at whose first call
Nature arose, this earth, these shining heav'ns,
These stars in all their ranks came forth, and said
"We are thy servants;" didst thou not create
My fame, my breath, my being, and bestow
A mind immortal on thy feeble creature
Who faints before thy face? did not thy pity

Dress thee in flesh to die that I might live,
 And with thy blood redeem this captive soul
 From guilt and death? O thrice adored name,
 My King, my Saviour, my Emanuel! say,
 Have not thy eyelids mark'd my painful toil, 45
 The wild confusions of my shatter'd pow'rs
 And broken flutt'ring thoughts? Hast thou not seen
 Each restless atom that with vexing influence
 Works thro' the mass of man? each noxious juice,
 Each ferment that infects the vital humours, 50
 That heaves the veins with huge disquietude,
 And spreads the tumult wide? Do they not lie
 Beneath thy view, and all within thy reach?
 Yes, all at thy command, and must obey
 Thy sov'reign touch: thy touch is health, and life, 55
 And harmony, to nature's jarring strings.

When shall my midnight sighs and morning groans
 Rise thro' the heights of heav'n and reach thy ear
 Propitious? See my spirit's feeble pow'rs
 Exhal'd and breathing upward to thy throne 60
 Like early incense climbing thro' the sky
 From the warm altar. When shall grace and peace
 Descend with blessings like an ev'ning show'r
 On the parch'd desert and renew my bloom?
 Or must thy creature breathe his soul away 65
 In fruitless groans and die?
 Come, bless'd Physician! come attend the moan
 Of a poor suff'ring wretch, a plaintive worm,

Crush'd in the dust and helpless: O descend,
 Array'd in pow'r and love, and bid me rise. 70
 Incarnate Goodness, send thy influence down
 To these low regions of mortality
 Where thou hast dwelt, and clad in fleshly weeds
 Learn'd sympathetick sorrows; send and heal
 My long and fore distress. Ten thousand praises 75
 Attend thee: David's harp is ready strung
 For the Messiah's * name: a winged flight
 Of songs harmonious and new honours wait
 The steps of moving mercy. 79

XXIII. *Encouraged to hope for health in May, Dec. 1712.*

CONFIN'D to sit in silence here I waste
 The golden hours of youth. If once I stir
 And reach at active life what sudden tremors
 Shake my whole frame, and all the poor machine
 Lies flutt'ring! What strange wild convulsive force
 O'erpow'rs at once the members and the will?
 Here am I bound in chains, a useless load
 Of breathing clay, a burden to the seat
 That bears these limbs, a bord'rer on the grave.
 Poor state of worthless being! while the lamp 10
 Of glimm'ring life burns languishing and dim,

* At this time my Imitation of David's Psalms in Christian language was not half done: as fast as I recovered strength after this long illness I applied myself by degrees to finish it.

The flame just hov'ring o'er the dying snuff
With doubtful alternations, half disjoin'd,
And ready to expire with ev'ry blast.

Yet my fond friends would speak a word of hope : 15
Love would forbid despair : "Look out," they cry,
"Beyond these glooming damps, while winter hangs
"Heavy on nature and congeals her pow'rs :
"Look cheerful forward to the vital influence
"Of the returning spring?" I rouse my thoughts 20
At Friendship's sacred voice, I send my soul
To distant expectation, and support
The painful interval with poor amusements.

My watch, the solitary kind companion
Of my imprisonment, my faithful watch, 25
Hangs by, and with a short repeated sound
Beats like the pulse of Time, and numbers off
My woes, a long succession, while the finger
Slow-moving points out the slow-moving minutes,
The slower hand the hours. O thou dear engine! 30
Thou little brass accountant of my life!

Would but the mighty wheels of heav'n and nature
Once imitate thy movements, how my hand
Should drive thy dented pinions round their centres
With more than tenfold flight, and whirl away 35
These clouded wintry suns, these tedious moons,
These midnights! ev'ry star should speed its race,
And the slow Bears precipitate their way
Around the frozen pole; then promis'd health,

That rides with rosy cheek and blooming grace 40
 On a May sunbeam, should attend me here
 Before to-morrow sheds its ev'ning dew.

Ah foolish ravings of a fruitless wish
 And spirit too impatient! Know'st thou not,
 My soul, the Pow'r that made thee? he alone 45
 Who form'd the spheres rolls them in destin'd rounds
 Unchangeable: adore, and trust, and fear him:
 He is the Lord of life; address his throne,
 And wait before his foot with awful hope
 Submissive: at his touch distemper flies; 50
 His eyelids send beams of immortal youth
 Thro' heav'n's bright regions; his allpow'rful word
 Can create health, and bid the blessings come
 Amid the wintry frost, when nature seems
 Congeal'd in death; or with a sov'reign frown 55
 (Tho' nature blooms all round) he can forbid
 The blessing in the spring, and chain thee down
 To pains and maladies, and grievous bondage,
 Thro' all the circling seasons. 59

XXIV. *The wearisome weeks of sickness, 1712 or 1713.*

THUS pass my days away. The cheerful sun
 Rolls round and gilds the world with lightsome beams
 Alas! in vain to me, cut off alike
 From the bless'd labours and the joys of life,
 While my sad minutes in their tiresome train 5

Serve but to number out my heavy sorrows.
 By night I count the clock, perhaps elev'n,
 Or twelve, or one ; then with a wishful sigh
 Call on the ling'ring hours, "Come two, come five ;
 " When will the daylight come ? " Make haste ye
 mornings, 10
 Ye ev'ning shadows haste, wear out these days,
 These tedious rounds of sickness, and conclude
 The weary week for ever—
 Then the sweet day of sacred rest returns,
 Sweet day of rest, devote to God and heav'n,
 And heav'nly bus'ness, purposes divine,
 Angelick work ! but not to me returns
 Rest with the day : ten thousand hurrying thoughts
 Bear me away tumultuous far from heav'n's
 And heav'nly work. In vain I heave and toil,
 And wrestle with my inward foes in vain,
 O'erpow'r'd and vanquish'd still ; they drag me down
 From things celestial, and confine my sense
 To present maladies : unhappy state !
 Where the poor spirit is subdu'd t' endure
 Unholy idleness, a painful absence,
 And bound to bear the agonies and woes
 From God and heav'n, and angels' blessed work,
 That sickly flesh on shatter'd nerves impose
 How long, O Lord ! how long ? 30

XXV. *A hymn of praise for recovery.*

HAPPY for man that the slow circling moons
And long revolving seasons measure out
The tiresome pains of nature ! Present woes
Have their sweet periods. Ease and cheerful health
With slow approach (so Providence ordains) 5
Revisit their forsaken mansion here,
And days of useful life diffuse their dawn
O'er the dark cottage of my weary soul.
My vital pow'rs resume their vigour now;
My spirit feels her freedom, shakes her wings, 10
Exults and spatiates o'er a thousand scenes,
Surveys the world, and with full stretch of thought
Grasps her ideas, while impatient zeal
Awakes my tongue to praise. What mortal voice
Or mortal hand can render to my God 15
The tribute due ? what altars shall I raise ?
What grand inscription to proclaim his mercy
In living lines ? where shall I find a victim
Meet to be offer'd to his sov'reign love,
And solemnize the worship and the joy ? 20
Search well my soul thro' all the dark recesses
Of nature and selflove, the plies, the folds,
And hollow winding caverns of the heart,
Where flatt'ry hides our sins ; search out the foes
Of thy almighty Friend ; what lawless passions, 25

What vain desires, what vicious turns of thought,
Lurk there unheeded; bring them forth to view,
And sacrifice the rebels to his honour.
Well he deserves this worship at thy hands
Who pardons thy past follies; who restores 30
Thy mouldring fabrick, and withholds thy life
From the near borders of a gaping grave.

Almighty Pow'r! I love thee, blissful Name!
My healer-God; and may my inmost heart
Love and adore for ever! O'tis good 35
To wait submissive at thy holy throne,
To leave petitions at thy feet, and bear
Thy frowns and silence with a patient soul.
The hand of mercy is not short to save,
Nor is the ear of heav'nly pity deaf 40
To mortal cries; it notic'd all my groans,
And sighs, and long complaints, with wise delay,
Tho' painful to the suff'rer, and thy hand
In proper moment brought desir'd relief.

Rise from my couch ye late enfeebled limbs, 45
Prove your new strength, and shew th' effective skill
Of the divine Physician; bear away
This tott'ring body to his sacred threshold;
There laden with his honours let me bow
Before his feet, let me pronounce his grace, 50
Pronounce salvation, thro' his dying Son,
And teach this sinful world the Saviour's name:
Then rise my hymning soul on holy notes

Tow'rd his high throne; awake my choicest songs,
 Run echoing round the roof, and while you pay 55
 The solemn vows of my distressful hours
 A thousand friendly lips shall aid the praise. 60
 O Jesus! great Advocate, whose pitying eyes
 Saw my long anguish, and with melting heart
 And pow'rful intercession spread'st my woes 65
 With all my groans before the Father God
 Bear up my praises now; thy holy intercession
 Shall hallow all my sacrifice of joy,
 And bring these accents grateful to his ear
 My heart and life, my lips and ev'ry pow'r,
 Snatch'd from the grasp of death, I here devote
 By thy blest'd hands an off'ring to his name. 67
 Amen, *hallelujah.*

XXVI. *Devotional writings.*

HAIL Hebrew Psalmist-king! hail happy hour!
 I see, I hear, I feel, the sov'reign Pow'r
 Of language so devout. Th' immortal sound
 Thrills thro' my vitals with a pleasing wound,
 And mortal passions die. Devotion reigns,
 Earth disappears, her mountains and her plains;
 I soar, I pray, I praise, in David's heav'nly strains.
 Here thoughts divine, in living words express'd,
 Pour'd out and copy'd glowing from the breast

Spread o'er the sacred page: what eye, what heart,
 Can read the rapture and not bear its part
 In holy elevation?
 Where love and joy exult, the glorious line
 Gives the same passions, spreads the fire divine,
 And kindles all the reader. See him rise
 On wings of ecstacy, shoot thro' the skies,
 And mix with angels: hail ye choirs above,
 Where all is holy joy, where all is heav'nly love.

If sins review'd in trickling sorrows flow,
 The page conveys the penitential wo
 And strikes the inmost spirit; conscience hears
 The words of anguish and dissolves in tears;
 Ev'n iron souls relent, and hearts of stone
 Burst at these mournings and repeat the groan:
 God and his pow'r are there.

XXVII. *An elegy on Sophronia, who died of the small-pox 1711.*

Sophron is introduced speaking.

FORBEAR my friends! forbear, and ask no more
 Where all my cheerful airs are fled:
 Why will ye make me talk my torments o'er?
 My life, my joy, my comfort, 's dead.
 2. Deep from my soul mark how the sobs arise,
 Hear the long groans that waste my breath;
 And read the mighty sorrow in my eyes;
 Lovely Sophronia sleeps in death.

3. Unkind disease, to veil that rosy face
 With tumours of a mortal pale,
 While mortal purples with their dismal grace
 And double-horror spot the vail;

4. Uncomely vail, and most unkind disease!
 Is this Sophronia, once the fair?
 Are these the features that were born to please,
 And Beauty spread her ensigns there?

5. I was all love and she was all delight.
 Let me run back to seasons past;
 Ah flow'ry days when first she charm'd my sight!
 But roses will not always last.

6. Yet still Sophronia pleas'd; nor time nor care
 Could take her youthful bloom away:
 Virtue has charms which nothing can impair;
 Beauty like her's could ne'er decay.

7. Grace is a sacred plant of heav'nly birth;
 The seed descending from above
 Roots in a soil refin'd, grows high on earth,
 And blooms with life, and joy, and love.

8. Such was Sophronia's soul. Celestial dew
 And angels' food were her repast;
 Devotion was her work, and thence she drew
 Delights which strangers never taste.

9. Not the gay splendours of a flatt'ring court
 Could tempt her to appear and shine:
 Her solemn airs forbid the world's resort;
 But I was blest, and she was mine.

10. Safe on her welfare all my pleasures hung;
 Her smiles could all my pains control;
 Her soul was made of softness, and her tongue
 Was soft and gentle as her soul. 40

11. She was my guide, my friend, my earthly all;
 Love grew with ev'ry waning moon:
 Had Heav'n a length of years delay'd its call
 Still I had thought it call'd too soon. 44

12. But peace my sorrows! nor with murmur'ing
 Dare to accuse Heav'n's high decree: [voice
 She was first ripe for everlasting joys;
 Sophron, she waits above for thee. 48

XXVIII. *An elegy on the much lamented death of Mrs.
 Elisabeth Bury, late wife of the Reverend Mr. Samuel
 Bury of Bristol, annexed to some Memoirs of her life
 drawn up by him, but collected out of her own papers.*

She must ascend; her treasure lies on high;
 And there her heart is: bear her thro' the sky
 On wings of harmony ye sons of light!
 And with surrounding shields protect her flight;
 Teach her the wondrous songs yourselves compose
 For yon' bright world; she'll learn them as she goes;
 The sense was known before. Those sacred themes,
 The God, the Saviour, and the flowing streams
 That ting'd the cursed tree with blood divine,
 Purchas'd a heav'n, and wash'd a world from sin; 10

The beams, the bliss, the vision of that face
 Where the whole Godhead shines in mildest grace :
 These are the notes for which your harps are strung,
 These were the joy and labour of her tongue
 In our dark regions; these exalted strains
 Brought Paradise to earth and sooth'd her pains.
 "Souls made of pious harmony and love
 "Can be no strangers to their work above."

But must we lose her hence? The Muse in pain
 Regrets her flight and calls the faint again.
 Stay gentle spirit! stay. Can nature find
 No charms to hold the once-unfetter'd mind?
 Must all those virtues all those graces soar
 Far from our sight and bless the earth no more?
 Must the fair faint to worlds immortal climb,
 For ever lost to all the sons of Time?
 O no! she is not lost; behold her here;
 How just the form! how soft the lines appear!
 The features of her soul without disguise
 Drawn by her own bless'd pen; a sweet surprise
 To mourning friends. The partner of her cares
 Seiz'd the fair piece and wash'd it o'er with tears,
 Dress'd it in flow'rs, then hung it on her urn,
 A pattern for her sex in ages yet unborn.
 Daughters of Eve! come trace these heav'nly lines,
 Feel with what pow'r the bright example shines :
 She was what you should be. Young virgins come,
 Drop a kind tear, and dress you at her tomb :

Gay silks and diamonds are a vulgar road;
 Her radiant virtues should create the mode.
 Matrons attend her heatse with thoughts refin'd,
 Gaze and transcribe the beauties of her mind,
 And let her live in you. The meek, the great,
 The chaste, yet free, the cheerful, yet sedate:
 Swift to forgiv'ness, but to anger slow,
 And rich in solid learning more than show,
 With charity and zeal, that rarely join,
 And all the human graces and divine,
 Reign'd in her breast and held a pleasing strife
 Thro' ev'ry shifting scene of various life,
 The maid, the bride, the widow, and the wife.

Nor need a manly spirit blush to gain
 Exalted thoughts from her superiour vein.
 Attend her hints ye sages of the schools,
 And by her nobler practice frame your rules.
 Let her inform you to address the ear
 With conq'ring suasion or reproof severe,
 And still without offence. Thrice happy soul!
 That could our passions and her own control;
 Could wield and govern that unruly train,
 Sense, Fancy, Pleasure, Fear, Grief, Hope, and Pain,
 And live sublimely good! Behold her move
 Thro' earth's rude scenes yet paint her thoughts above.
 "Seraphs on earth pant for their native skies,
 "And nature feels it painful not to rise."

Ye venerable tribes of holy men 63
Read the devotions of her heart and pen,
And learn to pray and die. Burissa knew
To make life happy and resign it too.
The soul that oft' had walk'd th' ethereal road 69
Pleas'd with her summons took her farewell flight to
But ne'er shall words, or lines, or colours, paint [God.
Th' immortal passions of th' expiring saint.
What beams of joy, angelick airs, arise
O'er her pale cheeks, and sparkle thro' her eyes
In that dark hour! how all serene she lay 75
Beneath the op'nings of celestial day!
Her soul retires from sense, refines from sin,
While the descending glory wrought within,
Then in a secret calm resign'd her breath,
And as her eyelids clos'd she smil'd in death. 80

O may some pious friend who weeping stands
Near my last pillow with uplifted hands,
Or wipes the mortal dew from off my face,
Witness such triumphs in my soul, and trace
The dawn of glory in my dying mien,
While on my lifeless lips such heav'nly smiles are
seen. 86

September 29. 1720.

XXIX. *An elegiack ode on the death of Sir Thomas Abney, Knight and Alderman of London, February 6. 1721-2, in the 83d year of his age, affixed to some Memoirs of his life, and inscribed to the Lady Abney.*

A soliloquy, or mourning meditation.

“ Quis desiderio fit pudor aut modus
 “ Tam chari capitis? præcipe lugubres
 “ Cantus Melpomene. 3
 “ Ergone Abneium perpetuus sopor
 “ Urget? Cui pudor et Justitiæ soror
 “ Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas,
 “ Quando ullum invenient parem?” Horace.

PART I.

His private life.

ABNEY expires; a gen’ral groan
 Sounds thro’ the house. How must a friend behave
 Where death and grief have rais’d their throne,
 And the sad chambers seem th’ apartments of the grave?
 2. Shall I appear amongst the chief 5
 Of mourners wailing o’er the dear deceas’d?
 Or must I seek to charm their grief,
 And in distress of soul to comfort the distress’d? 8

3. I mourn by turns and comfort too;
 He that can feel can ease another's smart;
 The drops of sympathetick wo
 Convey the heav'nly cordial warmer to the heart. 12

4. We mourn a thousand joys deceas'd,
 We name the husband with a mournful tongue;
 He when the pow'rs of life decreas'd
 Felt the diviner flames of love for ever young. 16

5. Thrice happy man! thrice happy pair!
 If love could bid approaching death remove
 The painful name of widow here
 Had ever been unknown; but death is deaf to love. 20

6. Albina * mourns, she mourns alone,
 Her grief unrivall'd in a house of tears;
 The partner of her soul is gone 23
 Who doubled all her joys and half sustain'd her cares.

7. See the fair offspring of the dead;
 With their young griefs Albina they enclose
 Beside the father's dying bed,
 And as her woes increase their love and duty grows. 28

8. The children feel the mother's pain;
 Down their pale cheeks the trickling sorrows roll;
 The mother sees and weeps again,
 With all the tender passions struggling in her soul. 32

9. The tender passions reign and spread
 Thro' the whole house, and to the courts descend;
 We mourn the best of brothers dead,
 We mourn the kindest master and the firmest friend. 36

* The Lady Abney.

10. We mourn, but not as wretches do,
Where vicious lives all hope in death destroy:
A falling tear is nature's due;
But hope climbs high, and borders on celestial joy. 40

11. There sits the late departed faint †;
There dwells the husband, father, brother, friend:
Then let us cease the sore complaint,
Or mingled with our groans let notes of praise ascend.

12. Great God! to thee we raise our song; 45
Thine were the graces that enrich'd his mind;
We bless thee that he shone so long,
And left so fair a track of pious life behind. 48

PART II.

His publick character and death.

BUT can domestick sorrow shew
A nation's loss? can private tears suffice
To mourn the faint and ruler too? 3
Great names! so rarely join'd below the blissful skies.

2. Could Abney in our world be born?
Could Abney live and not Britannia smile?
Or die and not Britannia mourn †,
When such ethereal worth left our degenerate isle? 8

† Justum et tenacem propositi virum, &c.
Hac arte — Enixus arces attigit igneas.
† Cunctis ille bonis flebilis occidit.

Horace.
Horace.

3. 'Twas heav'nly wisdom, zeal divine,
Taught him the balance and the sword to hold;
His looks with sacred justice shine
Beyond the scarlet honours or the wreathen gold.

4. Truth, freedom, courage, prudence, stood
Attending when he fill'd the solemn chair;
He knew no friendships, birth, nor blood;
Nor wealth, nor gay attire, when criminals were
He sign'd their doom with steady hand;
Yet drops of pity from his eyelids roll;
He † punish'd to reform the land;
With terror on his brow and mercy in his soul.

6. His tongue was much unskill'd to chide;
Soft were his lips, and all his language sweet:
His soul disdain'd the airs of pride,
Yet love and rev'rence greet him thro' the crowded
street.

24

* ——— Est animus tibi

Rerumque prudens, et secundis

Temporibus, dubiisque rectus;

Vindex avaræ fraudis, et abstinens

Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniæ.

——— Bonus atque fidus

Judex honestum prætulit utili, et

Rejecit alto dona nocentium

Vultu ———

† Qui quærit Pater urbium

Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat

Referenare licentiam,

Cædes, et rabiem tollere civium

Horace.

Horace.

7. Godlike he liv'd and acted here,
Moving unseen and still sublimely great;
Yet when his country claim'd his care
Descending he appear'd, and bore the pomp of state.

8. He more than once oblig'd the throne
And sav'd the nation, yet he shunn'd the fame,
Careless to make his merit known.

The Christian hath enough that Heav'n records his

9. His humble soul convers'd on high;
Heav'n was his hope, his rest, his native home :
His treasures lay above the sky;

Much he possess'd on earth, but more in worlds to come.

10. With silent steps he trac'd the way
To the fair courts of light, his wish'd abode;

Nor would he ask a moment's stay,

Nor make the convoy wait that call'd his soul to God.

11. See the good man with head inclin'd

And peaceful heart resign his precious breath;

No guilty thoughts oppress his mind;

Calm and serene his life, serene and calm his death.

12. Laden with honours and with years

His vigorous virtue shot a youthful ray,

And while he ends his race appears

Bright as the setting-sun of a long cloudless day.

13. Spent with the toil of busy hours

Nature retir'd and life sunk down to sleep;

Come dress the bed with fadeless flow'rs,

Come, angels, round his tomb immortal vigils keep.

14. The heart of ev'ry Briton rears
A monument to Abney's spotless fame;
The pencil faints, the Muse despairs;
His country's grief and love must eternize his name.

Sic cecinit marens;
Inter Mirares domesticos,
Et patriæ suæ luctus;

XXX. DEATH AND HEAVEN.

IN FIVE LYRICK ODES.

Ode I. The spirit's farewell to the body after long sickness.

How am I held a pris'ner now,
Far from my God! this mortal chain
Binds me to sorrow: all below
Is short-liv'd ease or tiresome pain.

2. When shall that wondrous hour appear
Which frees me from this dark abode,
To live at large in regions where
Nor cloud nor veil shall hide my God?

3. Farewell this flesh, these ears, these eyes,
These snares and fetters of the mind;
My God! nor let this frame arise
Till ev'ry dust be well refin'd.

4. Jesus! who mak'st our natures whole,
Mould me a body like thy own;
Then shall it better serve my soul
In works of praise and worlds unknown.

Ode II. The departing moment, or, Absent from the body.

ABSENT from flesh! O blissful thought!

What unknown joys this moment brings!

Freed from the mischiefs sin hath wrought,

From pains and tears, and all their springs.

12. Absent from flesh! illustrious day!

Surprising scene! triumphant stroke!

That rends the prison of my clay,

And I can feel my fetters broke!

13. Absent from flesh! then rise, my soul!

Where feet or wings could never climb,

Beyond the heav'ns, where planets roll,

Measuring the cares and joys of time.

4. I go where God and glory shine;

His presence makes eternal day;

My all that's mortal I resign,

For Uriel waits and points my way.

Ode III. Entrance into Paradise, or, Present with the

Lord.

AND is this heav'n? and am I there?

How short the road, how swift the flight!

I am all life, all eye, all ear;

Jesus is here—my soul's delight.

Volume VII.

2. Is this the heav'nly Friend who hung
In blood and anguish on the tree,
Whom Paul proclaim'd, whom David sung,
Who dy'd for them, who dy'd for me?

3. How fair, thou Offspring of my God!
Thou first-born Image of his face!
Thy death procur'd this blest abode;
Thy vital beams adorn the place.

4. Lo! he presents me at the throne
All spotless; there the Godhead reigns
Sublime and peaceful thro' the Son
Awake my voice in heav'nly strains!

How and I glory in thy name, O God, who art beyond the reach of human thought, and who art the Father of the Lord Jesus Christ, who art the Father of the Lord Jesus Christ, who art the Father of the Lord Jesus Christ.
Ex from Ode iv. The fight of God in heaven.
CREATOR-God, eternal Light,
 Fountain of good, tremendous Pow'r,
 Ocean of wonders, blissful fight,
 Beauty and love unknown before!

2. Thy grace, thy nature, all unknown
In yon' dark region whence I came,
Where languid glimpses from thy throne
And feeble whispers teach thy name.

3. I'm in a world where all is new;
Myself, my God; O blest amaze!
Not my best hopes or wishes knew
To form a shadow of this grace.

4. Fix'd on my God my heart adore,
My restless thoughts forbear to rove,
Ye meaner passions stir no more;
But all my pow'rs be joy and love.

Ode v. A funeral ode at the interment of the body, supposed to be sung by the mourners.

UNVAIL thy bosom faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relicks room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
Can reach the lovely sleeper here,
And angels watch her soft repose.

3. So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Past thro' the grave and blest the bed:
Rest here fair Saint, till from his throne
The morning break and pierce the shade.

4. Break from his throne illustrious morn,
Attend O earth! his sov'reign word;
Restore thy trust, a glorious form;
She must ascend to meet her Lord.

XXXI. *On the coronation of their Majesties King George II. and Queen Caroline, October 11. 1727.*

"ERGO armis invictæ heros age: fortibus apta
"Ensem, humeris; meritam clementia temperet iram

"Dum regis, et leges molli clementer acerbas. A
 "Te super æquævos omnes regnator Olympiæ M
 "Diligit, et læto vultum exilaravit olivo; 3
 "Ille tuum sacro cingit diademate crinem, 4
 "Transmittetque tuam longæva in sæcula famam.
 "En regina tori confors tibi dextera adhæret,
 "Auro picta sinus, auro radiata capillos;
 "Tota decens, tota est gemmisque insignis et auro: 10
 "At facies cultum illustrat, facieque decorat 11
 "Pulchrior est animus. *Buehan.*

The coronation day, an ode.

Rise happy morn, fair sun arise,
 Shed radiant gold around the skies,
 And rich in beams and blessings shine
 Profuse on George and Caroline. 4
 2. Illustrious pair! no tear to-day
 Bedew the royal parent's clay!
 'Tis George the blest remounts the throne
 With double vigour in his son. 8
 3. Lo! the majestic form appears
 Sparkling in life and manly years,
 The kingdom's pride the nation's choice,
 And Heav'n approves Britannia's voice. 12
 4. Monarch! assume thy pow'rs, and stand
 The guardian hero of our land;
 Let Albion's sons thy style proclaim,
 And distant realms revere thy name. 16

5. Bear on thy brows th' imperial crown;
 Rebellion dies beneath thy frown:
 A thousand gems of lustre shed
 Their lights and honours round thy head. 20

6. Lift up thy rod of majesty *
 The foes of God and man shall fly;
 Vice with her execrable band
 Shakes at the sword in George's hand. 24

7. Law, Justice, Valour, Mercy, ride
 In arms of triumph at his side,
 And each celestial grace is seen
 In milder glories round the Queen. 28

8. Hail, royal fair! divinely wise!
 Not Austrian crowns † could tempt thy eyes
 To part with truth. 'Twas brave disdain
 When Cæsar sigh'd and lov'd in vain. 32

9. But Heav'n provides a rich reward;
 George is thy lover and thy lord:
 The British Lion bears thy fame
 Where Austrian Eagles have no name. 36

10. See the fair train of princes near:
 Come Frederick, royal youth, appear
 And grace the day. Shall foreign † charms
 Still hold thee from thy country's arms? 40

* The sceptre.

† Archducal and imperial.

‡ That ingenious device of the figures of Great Britain and the Protestant religion attending her Majesty on her coronation medal, with the motto *Hic amor, hec patria*, may support and justify these expressions.

11. Britain, thy country? Prince, arise
The morning-star to gild our skies;
(O may no cloud thy lustre stain!)
Come, lead along the shining train. 44

12. Each in parental virtues dress'd,
Each born to make a nation blest'd,
What kings what heroes yet ungrown
Shall court the nymphs to grace their throne! 48

13. Mark that young branch* of rising fame,
Proud of our great Deliverer's name;
He promises in infant bloom
To scourge some tyrant pow'r of Rome. 52

14. Bloom on, fair stem! each flow'r that blows
Adds new despair to Albion's foes
And kills their hearts: O glorious view
Of joys for Albion ever new! 56

15. Religion, Duty, Truth, and Love,
In ranks of honours shine and move;
Pale Envy, Slander, Fraud, and Spite,
Retire and hide in caves of night. 60

16. Europe! behold th' amazing scene;
Empire and Liberty convene
To join their joys and wishes here
While Rome and hell consent to fear. 64

17. Eternal God! whose boundless sway
Angels and starry worlds obey,
Command thy choicest favours down
Where thy own hands have fix'd the crown. 68

* Prince William.

18. Come, light divine and grace unknown!
 Come, aid the labours of the throne;
 Let Britain's Golden Ages run
 In circles lasting as the sun. 72

19. Bid some bright legion from the sky
 Assist the glad solemnity:
 Ye hosts that wait on fav'rite kings
 Wave your broad swords and clap your wings; 76

20. Then rise, and to your realms convey
 The glorious tidings of the day:
 Great William shall rejoice to know
 That George the second reigns below. 80

XXXII. *A loyal wish on her Majesty's birthday, March 1.*
commonly called St. David's-day.

Borrowed from Psalm cxxxii. 10, 11.

SILENCE, ye nations, Israel hear!
 Thus hath the Lord to David sworn,
 "Train up thy sons to learn my fear,
 "And Judah's crown shall all thy race adorn:
 "Theirs be the royal honours thou hast won;
 "Long as the starry wheels of nature run;
 "Nature, be thou my pledge, my witness be the sun."

2. Now, Britain, let thy vows arise,
 May George the royal saint assume!
 Then ask permission of the skies
 To put the fav'rite name in David's room. 10

Fair Carolina! join thy pious cares
 To train in virtue's path your royal heirs,
 And be the British crown with endless honour theirs.

XXXIII. *Piety in a court. To Philomela.*

"THE court's a golden but a fatal circle,
 "Upon whose magick skirts a thousand devils
 "In crystal forms sit tempting innocence,
 "And beckon early virtue from its centre." 4

This description of a court gave occasion to the following inquiries.

Is there a lovely soul so much divine
 Can act her glorious part, and move and shine
 On this enchanted spot of treach'rous ground,
 Nor give her virtue nor her fame a wound? 4

Is there a soul so temper'd, so refin'd,
 That pomp nor feeds her sense nor fires the mind,
 That soars above the globe with high disdain,
 While earth's gay trifles tempt her thoughts in vain? 8

Is there a soul can fix her raptur'd eyes,
 And glance warm wishes at her kindred skies
 Thro' roofs of vaulted gold, while round her burn
 Love's wanton fires and die beneath her scorn? 12

Is there a soul at court that seeks the grove
 Or lonely hill to muse on heav'nly love,
 And when to crowds and state her hour descends
 She keeps her conscience and her God her friends? 16

Have ye not met her, angels, in her flight,
 Wing'd with devotion thro' meridian night,
 Near heav'n's high portal?—Angels, speak her name,
 Consign Eusebia to celestial fame, 20
 While Philomel in language like your own
 To mortal ears makes her young vict'ries known;
 Let Raphael to the skies her honours sing
 And triumphs daily new; with friendly wing 24
 Gabriel in arms attend her thro' the field
 Of sacred war, and Mercy be her shield,
 While with unsully'd charms she makes her way 27
 Thro' scenes of dang'rous life to realms of endless day.

XXXIV. *A rural meditation.*

HERE in the tuneful groves and flow'ry fields
 Nature a thousand various beauties yields;
 The daisy and tall cowslip we behold
 Array'd in snowy white or freckled gold.
 The verdant prospect cherishes our sight,
 Affording joy unmix'd and calm delight;
 The forest walks and venerable shade,
 Wide-spreading lawns, bright rills, and silent glade;

With a religious awe our souls inspire,
 And to the heav'n's our raptur'd thoughts aspire, 10
 To him who sits in majesty on high,
 Who turn'd the starry arches of the sky,
 Whose word ordain'd the silver Thames to flow,
 Rais'd all the hills and laid the vallies low,
 Who taught the nightingale in shades to sing, 15
 And bid the skylark warble on the wing,
 Makes the young steer obedient till the land,
 And lowing heifers own the milker's hand,
 Calms the rough sea and stills the raging wind, 20
 And rules the passions of the human mind.

XXXV. *A penitential thought.*

CAN I then grieve for ev'ry wretch's wo,
 And weep if I but hear a tale of sorrow?
 Say, can I share in ev'ry one's affliction,
 Yet still remain thus stupid to my own?
 Is then my heart to all the world beside 5
 Softer than melting wax or summer snow
 But to myself harder than adamant?
 Can I behold the ruin sin has made,
 And feel God's image in my soul defac'd,
 Nor heave a sigh nor drop a pitying tear 10
 At my sad fate, nor lift my eyes to Heav'n
 For aid against the flatt'ries of the world,
 The wiles of Satan and the joys of sense?

Give me, ye springs, O give me, all your streams
 That I may weep, nor thus with stupid gaze
 Behold my ruin like a wretch enchanted,
 Whose faculties are bound with pow'ful charms,
 To some accursed spot of earth confin'd.
 Give me, ye gentle winds, your balmy breath
 To heave my bosom with continu'd sighs—
 Teach me, ye wooddoves, your complaining note
 To mourn my fall, to mourn my rocky heart,
 My headstrong will; and ev'ry sinful thought.
 In silent shades retir'd I long to dwell,
 Far from the tumults of the busy world,
 And all the sounds of mirth and clam'rous joy,
 Till ev'ry stormy passion is subdu'd,
 And God has full possession of my soul,
 Till all my wishes centre in his will,
 And I no more am fetter'd to the world,
 Till all the bus'ness of my life is praise,
 And my full heart o'erflows with heav'nly love,
 While all created beauties lose their charms,
 And God is all in all.

XXXVI. *A midnight hymn.*

To thee, allglorious ever-blessed Pow'r,
 I consecrate this silent midnight hour:
 While solemn darkness covers o'er the sky,
 And all things wrapp'd in gentle slumbers lie,

Unweary'd let me praise thy holy name,
 And ev'ry thought with gratitude inflame,
 For the rich mercies which thy hands impart,
 Health to my flesh and comfort to my heart,
 O may my pray'rs before thy throne arise,
 An humble but accepted sacrifice,
 And when thou shalt my weary eyelids close,
 And to my body grant a soft repose,
 May my ethereal Guardian kindly spread
 His wings, and from the tempter screen my head!
 Grant of celestial light some piercing beams,
 To bless my sleep and sanctify my dreams.

XXXVII. *The dying Christian's hope.*

WHEN faint, and sinking to the shades of death,
 I gasp with pain for ev'ry lab'ring breath,
 O may my soul by some blest foretaste know
 That she's deliver'd from eternal woe!
 May hope in Christ dispel each gloomy fear,
 And thoughts like these my drooping spirits cheer!
 What tho' my sins are of a crimson stain?
 My Saviour's blood can wash me white again;
 Tho' num'rous as the twinkling stars they be,
 Or sands along the margin of the sea,
 Or as smooth pebbles on some beachy shore,
 The mercies of th' Almighty still are more;

He looks upon my soul with pitying eyes,
 Sees all my fears and listens to my cries; XXX
 He knows the frailty of each human breast, 15
 What passions our unguarded hearts molest,
 And for the sake of his dear dying Son
 Will pardon all the ills that I have done,
 Arm'd with so bright a hope I shall not fear
 To see my death hourly approach more near, 20
 But my faith strength'ning as my life decays
 My dying breath shall mount to heav'n in praise. 22

Several Epigrams, Inscriptions, and Fragments of poetry.

XXXVIII. *The preface of a letter written August 1692.*

E'er since the morning of that day
 Which bid my dearest friends adieu,
 And rolling wheels bore me away
 Far from my native town and you,
 E'er since I lost thro' distant place
 The pleasures of a parent's face,
 This is the first whose language sues
 For your release from waxen bands,
 Laden with humble love it bows
 To kiss a welcome from your hands; 10
 Accept the duty which it brings,
 And pardon its delaying wings. 12

Volume VII.

XXXIX. *The sun in eclipse. To Horatio.*

Now, now 'tis just at hand——
 Now the bright sun leaves his meridian stage,
 Rolls down the hill and meets his sister's rage;
 Her gloomy wheels full at his chariot run,
 And join fierce combat with her brother sun:
 The gentle monarch of the azure plain
 Still paints and silvers her rebellious wain,
 And shoots his wonted fires, but shoots his fires in
 Th' ungrateful planet does as fast requite. [vain.
 Th' o'erflowing measures of her borrow'd light
 With an impetuous deluge of her resistless night.
 His flaming couriers toss their raging heads,
 And heave and grapple with the stubborn shades;
 Their eyeballs flash, their brazen bellows puff,
 And belch ethereal fire to guard the darkness off;
 In vain their brazen lungs, in vain their eyes,
 Night spreads her banners o'er the wond'ring skies.

Say, peaceful Muse, what fury did excite
 The kindred stars to this prodigious fight?
 Are these the rules of Nature? will the skies
 Let such dark scenes of dreadful battle rise?
 What dire events hang threat'ning o'er the earth?
 What plagues what wars just bursting into birth?
 Now for his seeming glebe the ploughman fears,
 Lest it should yield a crop of iron spears;

Shepherds see death spread o'er the fleecy downs,
 Monarchs grow pale and tremble for their crowns;
 Vain dreams of mortal weakness!
 Awake, Philosophy, with radiant eye,
 Who searcheth all that's deep and all that's high; 30
 Awake, survey the Ipheres, explain the laws
 Of Heav'n, and bring to light th' eternal cause
 Of present darkness, &c. 33

Southampton, June 1695.

XL. *In a letter to Marinda, speaking concerning our blest Saviour.*

Let your immortal thoughts arise,
 Survey him crown'd with ev'ry grace,
 Jesus! the wonder of the skies,
 The great, the meek, the lovely, and the wise,
 The joy and glory of the place.
 Here angels fix their gazing sight,
 Here saints releas'd from earth and sin
 Dwell on his face divinely bright,
 Copy his beauties with intense delight,
 And with advancing lustre shine. 10

XLI. *Stanzas to Lady Sunderland at Tunbridge-wells,*
 1712.

Fair nymph! ascend to Beauty's throne,
 And rule that radiant world alone;
 Let fav'rites take thy lower sphere,
 Not monarchs are thy rival here.

The court of Beauty, built sublime,
 Defies all pow'rs but thine and Time;
 Envy, that clouds the hero's sky,
 Aims but in vain her flight so high. 8

Not Blenheim's field nor Ister's flood,
 Nor standards dy'd in Gallick blood,
 Torn from the foe, add nobler grace
 To Churchill's house than Spenser's face; 12

The warlike thunder of his arms
 Is more commanding than her charms;
 His lightning strikes with less surprise
 Than sudden glances from her eyes. 16

His captives feel their limbs confin'd
 In iron; she enslaves the mind:
 We follow with a pleasing pain,
 And bless the conq'ror and the chain. 20

The Muse, that dares in numbers do
 What paint and pencil never knew,
 Faints at her presence in despair,
 And owns th' inimitable fair. 24

XLII. *The inscriptions on several small French pictures,
translated.*

Angelica singing.

WHAT! musick and devotion too?
This is the bus'ness angels do;
When hearts, and hymns, and voices, join
It makes the pleasant work divine.

4

Chloris stringing of pearls.

VIRTUE and truth in heart and head,
Which teach you how to act and speak,
Are brighter pearls than those you thread,
Chloris, to tie about your neck.

4

Phyllis playing with a parrot.

IF women will not be inclin'd
To seek th' improvements of the mind
Believe me Phyllis, for 'tis true,
Parrots will talk as well as you.

4

Claudina the cookmaid.

THE cook who in her humble post
Provides the family with food
Excels those empty dames that boast
Of charms and lovers, birth and blood.

4

O iij

Florella singing to her lute.

FLORELLA sings and plays so well
Which she doth best is hard to tell;
But 't is a poor account to say
All she can do is sing and play.

Amaryllis spinning.

O What a pretty spinner 's here!
How sweet her looks, how neat her linen!
If Love and Youth came both to see her
Youth wou'd at once set Love a-spinning.

Derinda sewing.

We stand expos'd to ev'ry sin
While idle and without employ,
But bus'ness holds our passions in
And keeps out all unlawful joy.

Iris suckling three lapdogs.

FOND foolish woman! while you nurse
Those puppies at your breast
Your name and credit fares the worse
For ev'ry drop they taste.
Iris! for shame those brutes remove,
And better learn to place your love.

Pomona the market-maid.

VIRTUE adorns her soul within,
 Her homely garb is ever clean;
 Such innocence disdaining art
 Gives love an honourable dart.

XLIII. *Inscriptions on dials.**Written on a sundial in a circle.*

"Sic petit oceanum Phœbus, sic vita sepulchrum,
 "Dum sensim tacitâ volvitur hora rotâ;
 "Secula sic fugient, sic lux, sic umbra, theatrum
 "Donec stelligerum clauferit una dies."

Afterwards turned into English.

Thus steal the silent hours away,
 The sun thus hastes to reach the sea,
 And men to mingle with their clay;
 Thus light and shade divide the year,
 Thus till the last great day appear
 And shut the starry theatre.

Another.

So slide the hours, so wears the day,
 These moments measure life away,

With all its trains of hope and fear,
Till shifting scenes of shade and light
Rise to eternal day or sink in endless night,
Where all is joy or all despair.

*On a ceiling dial, usually called a spot-dial, made at a western
stern window at Theobalds.*

LITTLE sun upon the ceiling,
Ever moving ever stealing
Moments, minutes, hours, away,
May no shade forbid thy shining
While the heav'nly sun declining
Calls us to improve the day.

Another for a spot-dial.

SHINING spot, but ever sliding,
Brightest hours have no abiding;
Use the golden moments well:
Life is wasting,
Death is hastening,
Death consigns to heav'n or hell.

Another.

SEE the little day-star moving;
Life and time are worth improving;
Seize the moments while they stay,
Seize and use them
Lest you lose them
And lament the wasted day.

Other mottoes on dials.

" *Faustina's* *suprema*.

" *Proxima non nostra est.*

" *Vehimur properantibus horis.*

" *Ad cœlum aut erëbum.*

" *Sic imus ad atria lucis.*

" *Aut umbras erëbi.*

6

XLIV. Inscriptions on portraits.

The lines under Dr. Owen's picture, written by himself.

" *UMBRA refert fragiles dederint quas cura dolorque*

" *Reliquias, studiis assiduusque labor.*

" *Mentem humilem sacri servantem limina veri*

" *Votis supplicibus qui dedit, ille videt.*

4

Englisbed thus.

BEHOLD the shade, the frail remains

Of sickness, cares, and studious pains.

The mind in humble posture waits

At sacred Truth's celestial gates,

And keeps those bounds with holy fear,

While he who gave it sees it there.

6

XLV. Various mottoes for an effigy.

I.

" *Do tibi terra quod umbra refert: satis exhibet umbra*

" *Quod modò pulvis erat, quod citò pulvis erit.*

- " Mens donata deo cupit immortalia, cœlum
 " Suspicit, æthereis affocianda choris. 4
 " Monstrat iter mihi sola fides: amor adjicit alas 1
 " Surgo: levatricem, gratia, tende manum. 8
 " Nox, error, dolor, ira, metus, caro, munde, valete:
 " Lux, via, vita, salus, omnia Christus erit. 8

II.

- " IN Christo mea vita latet: mea gloria Christus:
 " Hunc lingua, hunc calamus celebrat, nec imago ta-
 " In uno Jesu omnia. [cebit.

III.

- Τὰ ἀνω ζητοῦμεν,
 Seeking the things above.
 Ἀληθευοντες ἐν ἀγάπῃ.
 And speaking truth and love.

IV.

- " Est mihi Christus vivere, et lucrum mori.

V.

Χριστὸς ἔμοι τὸ ζῆν.

Κέρδος ἔμοι τὸ θανῆν.

VI.

- " Sic levis umbra virum, vir Paulum, Paulus Jesum
 " Sequitur, non assequitur. 2

XLVI. EPIGRAMS.

I. *In mirum maris meridionalis thesauri incrementum,*
Anno 1720.

"Exorta è medio jam fortiter aura popello
"Spirat in Australes fructus: Argentea spuma
"Tollitur in montes; (mirandum) atque aurèa regna
"Exurgunt ponto. Circumfrenit undique turba
"Mercantum, in cœlum aspirans: Summâ ardua
"Certatim scandunt, et se mirantur in astris: [nautæ
"Quisque sibi diadema facit, nam plurimus extat
"Crœsus. At infidos, O qui sapis, effuge fluctus,
"Nec tumida credas (licet auro splendeat) undæ,
"Ne repetas miserum per mille pericla profundum,
"Rex brevis. Heu! simulac subsiderit aura popelli,
"Unda jaget; montes pereunt; evanida regna;
"Nil superit spumæ nisi fortè maxima vorago."

II. *On the wondrous rise of the South-sea stock, 1720.*

'Tis said the citizens have sold
Faith, truth, and trade, for South-sea gold:
'Tis false, for those that know can swear
"All is not gold that glisters there."

* Alli legendum vellent mortimerina.

III. *Inscribendum maris Meridionalis Gazophylactio, sive Officina.*

"QUI SQUIS ES, hic intra, cui crescere nummulus ardet,
 "Cuive crumena gravis nimus est: hic gaza paratur
 "Ampla magis, sed onusta minus; centena talenta
 "Australi videas citò ter triplicata sub undâ;
 "Quod gravitatis abest numerum supplere videbis, 3
 "Hic bullæ, fumus, rumor, spes, lana caprina,
 "Nix æstiva, umbræ, phantasmata, somnia, venti,
 "Prædia in Utopicis regionibus, aurea spuma,
 "Aeriæq. arces venduntur, emuntur in horas.
 "Vel si brevior inscriptio magis arrideta
 "— Non omne quod hic micat aurum est."

April 6. 1730.

IV. *Sabina and her companions travelling together to see fine buildings and gardens.*

WHILE round the gardens and the groves
 Your foot, your eye, your fancy, roves,
 With still new forms of pleasure in a warm pursuit,
 Let ev'ry tree yield knowledge too
 Safer than that in Eden grew, [fruit.
 Where your own mother Eve found poison in the

V. *The same.*

Go, view the dwellings of the great,
 The spacious court, the tow'ring seat,

The roofs of costly form, the fret-work and the gold;
 Mark the bright tap'stry scenes, and say
 Will these make wrinkled age delay,
 Or warm the cheek and paint it gay,
 When Death spreads o'er the face her frightful pale
 and cold?

VI. *The same.*

IN vain to search the verdant scenes,
 The shaded walks the flow'ry greens,
 The trees of golden fruit, for what can ne'er be found;
 You search for bliss where 't will not grow;
 There is no Paradise below
 Since life's immortal tree is perish'd from the ground. 6

VII. *Ratio, Fides, Charitas.*

"RECTA fides ratio juvat: alma fides rationem:

"Sed ratio atque fides nil sine amore juvant. 2

Idem.

"ET ratio fidei est, et amica fides rationi:

"At nihil ambo valent si mihi desit amor. 2

XLVII. EPITAPHS.

1. An inscription on a monumental stone in Chessant church
 in Hertfordshire, in memory of Thomas Pickard, Esq.
 citizen of London, who died suddenly, Jan. 29. A. D.
 1719. Æt. 50.

A Soul prepar'd needs no delays,
 The summons come the saint obeys:

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P

Swift was his flight and short the road,
 He clos'd his eyes and saw his God:
 The flesh rests here till Jesus come
 And claims the treasure from the tomb. 6

II. *On the gravestone of Mr. John May, a young student
 in divinity, who died after a lingering and painful sick-
 ness, and was buried in Chessunt churchyard in Hert-
 fordshire.*

So sleep the saints and cease to groan
 When sin and death have done their worst:
 Christ hath a glory like his own
 Which waits to clothe their waking dust. 4

III. *Written for a gravestone of a near relation,*
 In faith she dy'd, in dust she lies,
 But faith foresees that dust shall rise
 When Jesus calls, while hope assumes
 And boasts her joy among the tombs. 4

Or thus.

BENEATH this stone Death's pris'ner lies;
 The stone shall move, the pris'ner rise,
 When Jesus with almighty word
 Calls his dead saints to meet their Lord. 4

IV. *To the pious memory of the Reverend Mr. Samuel Harvey of London, who died April 17. 1729. Æt. 30.*

An epitaph.

HERE lie the ruins of a lowly tent
Where the seraphick soul of Harvey spent
Its mortal years. How did his genius shine
Like Heav'n's bright envoy, clad in Pow'r's divine!
When from his lips the grace or vengeance broke, &
'Twas majesty in arms, 't was melting mercy spoke.
What worlds of worth lay crowded in that breast!
Too strait the mansion for th' illustrious guest.
Zeal like a flame shot from the realms of day
Aids the slow fever to consume the clay, 10
And bears the faint up thro' the starry road
Triumphant; so Elijah went to God.
What happy Prophet shall his mantle find,
Heir to the double portion of his mind? 14

*Sic musâ jam veterascenti
Inter justissimos amicorum et ecclesiarum
Fletus Harvæo suo parentat.*

V. *An epitaph on the Reverend Mr. Matthew Clarke.*

M. S.

“ In hoc sepulchro conditur

“ MATTHÆUS CLARKE,

“ Patris venerandi filius cognominis,

“ nec ipse minùs venerandus :

P ij

- " Literis sacris et humanis 3
 " à primâ ætate innutritus :
 " Linguarum scientissimus :
 " In munere concionatorio
 " eximius, operosus et felix :
 " In officio pastorali 10
 " fidelis et vigilans :
 " Inter theologorum diffidia
 " moderatus et pacificus :
 " Ad omnia pietatis munia
 " Promptus semper et alacris : 15
 " Conjux, frater, pater, amicus,
 " inter præstantissimos :
 " Erga omnes hominum ordines
 " egregiè benevolus.
 " Quas verò innumeras invicta modestia dotes 20
 " Celavit, nec fama profert, nec copia fandi
 " Est tumulo concessa : sed olim marmore rupto
 " Ostendet ventura dies ; præconia cæli
 " Narrabunt ; judex agnoscat, et omnia plaudent.
 " Abi, viator, ubicunq. terrarum fueris, 25
 " hæc audies.

" Natus est in agro Leicestriensi, A. D. 1664. "

" Obiit Londini, 27^o die Martii 1726.

" Ætat. suæ 62.

" Multum dilectus, multum desideratus. 30

In English thus.

SACRED to memory,
 In this sepulcher lies bury'd
 MATTHEW CLARKE,
 A son bearing the name
 of his venerable father,
 nor less venerable himself :
 Train'd up from his youngest years
 in sacred and human learning :
 Very skilful in the languages :
 In the gift of preaching
 excellent, laborious, and successful :
 In the pastoral office
 faithful and vigilant :
 Among the controversies of divines
 moderate always and pacifick :
 Ever ready for all the duties of piety :
 Among husbands, brothers, fathers, friends,
 he had few equals :
 And his carriage toward all mankind was
 eminently benevolent.

But what rich stores of grace lay hid behind
 The veil of modesty no human mind
 Can search, no friend declare, nor Fame reveal,
 Nor has this mournful marble pow'r to tell ;
 Yet there's a hast'ning hour ; it comes, it comes, 25
 To rouse the sleeping dead to burst the tombs,

And let the faint in view. All eyes behold,
 While the vast records of the skies unroll'd
 Rehearse his works and spread his worth abroad;
 The Judge approves, and heav'n and earth applaud.
 Go traveller, and wheresoe'er 31
 Thy wand'ring feet shall rest
 In distant lands thy ear shall hear
 His name pronounc'd and blest. 34

He was born in Leicestershire in the year 1664.

He died at London March 27. 1726,

Aged sixty-two years,

Much beloved and much lamented. 38

VI. *An epitaph on the Reverend Mr. Edward Brodburft.*

“Hoc marmore commemoratur

“Vir in sacris supra socios peritus,

“Nec in literis humanis minus sciens;

“Rebus divinis à primâ ætate deditus,

“Veritatis liberè studiosus, 5

“Fidei Christianæ strenuus assertor,

“Et pietate nulli secundus.

“Concionator eximus,

“Ratione, suadellâ eloquio potens:

“Pastor erga gregem sibi commissum 10

“Vigil, et sollicitus penè supra modum:

“Moribus facilis, vitâ beneficus,

“Omnigenæ charitatis exemplar:

"Mille virtutibus instructus

"Quas sacra celavit modestia; 15

"Sed non usque celabuntur:

"I lector, et expecta diem

"Quâ cœlo terrisque simul innotescet

"Qualis et quantus fuit

"EDVARDUS BRODHURST. 20

Agro Derbieni natus est, A. D. 1691.

Birmingham defunctus Julii die 21. 1730.

Animam ad superos avolantem

Ecclesia militans luget,

Triumphans plaudit, 25

Suscipit Christus, agnoscit Deus.

"Euge, fidelis serve." 27

"Done into English by another hand.

THIS marble calls to our remembrance

A person of superiour skill in divinity,

Nor less acquainted with human literature;

Inclined from his infancy to things sacred,

An impartial inquirer after truth, 5

An able defender of the Christian faith,

A truly pious and devout man:

A preacher that excelled

In force of reason and art of persuasion:

A pastor vigilant beyond his strength 10

Over the flock committed to his charge:

Of courteous behaviour and beneficent life :

A pattern of charity in all its branches :

A man adorn'd with many virtues,

Conceal'd under a veil of modesty, 15

But shall not for ever be conceal'd.

Go, reader, expect the day

When heav'n and earth at once shall know

How deserving a person 17

MR. EDWARD BRODHURST WAS. 20

He was born in Derbyshire 1691.

Dy'd at Birmingham July 21. 1730.

His soul ascending to the blest above,

The church on earth bemoans,

The church triumphant congratulates, 25

Is receiv'd by Christ, approv'd of God ;

" Well done good and faithful servant." 27

VII. *The following epitaph on Sir Isaac Newton was composed by my worthy friend Mr. John Eames, with a few decorations added at his request.*

" Hæc sepultus est

" ISAICUS NEWTONUS,

" Eques anratus,

" Moribus verè antiquis, sanctissimis ;

" Qui nec inter atheos Dei cultum, 5

" Nec inter philosophos Christi fidem

" Erubuit.

- " Ingenio supra hominum sortem sagaci,
 " Mathesin immanc quantum adauxit ditavitque;
 " Quâ juvante 10
 " Naturæ, quasquâ patet, motus et vires
 " Cælo, terrâ, mariq. examussim dimensus est:
 " Perplexos vagantis lunæ circuitus
 " Strictis cancellis solus coercuit:
 " Oceani fluentis refluiq. leges æthereas 15
 " Terricolis notas fecit;
 " Temporisq. metas
 " A multis retrò seculis vagas et erroneas
 " Certis astrorum periodis alligavit, fixitque:
 " Quales in semitas 20
 " Vi gravitatis flectuntur comete,
 " Advenæ, profugi, reduceſve, monſtravit.
 " Pallidumque eorum jubar
 " Beneficum potius quam færale;
 " Planeticis exhibuit optandum. 25
 " Lucis simplicis ortum multiformem,
 " Variegatæ simplicem,
 " Colorum ſc. miram theoriam
 " Primus et penitè exploravit.
 " Fidis experimentis, non fictis hypotheſibus, innixus
 " Scientiæ humanæ limites, 31
 " Ultrâ quam fas erat mortalibus ſperare,
 " Proprio Marte promovit,
 " Poſteriſque ulterius promovendos
 " Noſtrum ſuper æthera ſcandens 35

"Monuit et indigitavit."

"Vale, celestis anima,"

"Seculi gentisque tuæ lumen ingens

"Ac ingens desiderium,"

"Generis humani decus, vale." 40

XLVIII. *A dying world and a durable heaven.*

ALL born on earth must die. Destruction reigns
Round the whole globe and changes all its scenes;
Time brushes off our lives with sweeping wing,
But Heav'n defies its pow'r; there angels sing.
Immortal to that world direct thy flight 5
My soul, ethereal born, and thither aim thy flight:
There virtue finds reward; eternal joy
Unknown on earth shall the full soul employ.
This globe of death we tread, these shining skies,
Hold out the moral lessons to our eyes. 10
The sun still travels his illustrious round
While ages bury ages under ground;
While heroes sink forgotten in their urns,
Still Phosphor glitters and still Sirius * burns. 14
Light reigns thro' worlds above and life with all her
Yet man lies grov'ling on the earth, [springs,
The soul forgets its heav'nly birth,
Nor mourns her exile thence, nor homeward tries her
wings. 18

* The morning-star and the dog-star.

1. When death and everlasting things
Approach and strike the fight,
The soul unfolds itself and brings
Its hidden thoughts to light.

2. The silent Christian speaks for God;
With courage owns his name,
And spreads the Saviour's grace abroad;
The zeal subdues the shame.

3. Lord! shall my soul again conceal
Her faith if death retire?
Shall shame subdue the lively zeal
And quench th' ethereal fire?

4. O may my thoughts for ever keep
The grave and heav'n in view,
Lest if my zeal and courage sleep
My lips grow silent too!

XLIX. *The rewards of poetry.*

DAMON, THALIA, URANIA.

DAMON.

MUSE, 'tis enough that in the fairy bow'rs
My youth has lost a thousand sprightly hours
Attending thy vagaries in pursuit
Of painted blossoms or enchanted fruit.
Ere bear to tease my riper age; 'tis hard
To be a slave so long and find so small reward.

THAL. Man, 'tis enough that in the books of fame
 On brazen leaves the Muse shall write thy name }
 Illustrious as her own, and make thy years the same: }
 Fame with her silver trump shall spread the sound of
 Of Damon's verse wide as the distant bound }
 Of British empire or the world's vast round. }
 I see, I see from far the falling oars }
 And flying sails that bear to western shores }
 Thy shining name; it shoots from sea to sea; }
 Envy pursues but faints amidst the way. }
 In vision my prophetic tube describes }
 Behind five hundred years new ages rise }
 Who read thy works with rapture in their eyes: }
 Cities unbuilt shall bless the lyric bard; }
 O glorious memory! O immense reward! }
 DAM. Ah flatt'ring Muse! how fruitless and how fair
 These visionary scenes and sounding air?

Fruitless and vain to me! Can noisy breath
 Or Fame's loud trumpet reach the courts of Death? }
 I shall be stretch'd upon my earthy bed,
 Unthinking dust, nor know the honours paid
 To my surviving song. Thalia, say, }
 Have I no more to hope, hast thou no more to pay? }

THAL. Say, what had Horace what had Homer
 My fav'rite sons, whom men almost adore, } [more,
 And youth in learned ranks for ever sing, }
 While perish'd heroes and forgotten kings }

Have lost their names? 'tis sov'reign wit has bought
This deathless glory: this the wise have thought
Prodigious recompense.

DAM. ——— Prodigious fools!
To think the hum and buzz of paltry schools
And awkward tones of boys are prizes meet
For Roman harmony and Grecian wit!
Rise from thy long repose old Homer's ghost!
Horace, arise! are these the palms you boast
For your victorious verse? Great poets tell,
Can echoes of a name reward you well
For labours so sublime? or have you found
Praise make your slumbers sweeter in the ground?

THAL. Yes, their sweet slumbers guarded by my
Are lull'd and soften'd by th' eternal spring
Of bubbling praises from th' Aonian hill,
Whose branching streams divide a silver rill
To ev'ry kindred urn, and thine shall share
These purling blessings under hallow'd air;
The poets' dreams in death are still the Muses' care.

DAM. Once, thou fair tempter of my heedless youth,
Once, and by chance, thy tropes have hit the truth;
Praise is but empty air, a purling stream;
Poets are paid with bubbles in a dream
Hast thou no songs to entertain thy dead,
No phantom-lights to glimmer round my shade?

THAL. Believe me, mortal, where thy relics sleep
My nightingales shall tuneful vigils keep,

And cheer thy silent tomb, the glow-worm shine
 With evening-lamp to mark which earth is thine,
 While midnight Fairies tripping round thy bed
 Collect a moonbeam glory for thy head;
 Fair Hyacinths thy hillock shall adorn,
 And living ivy creep about thy urn,
 Sweet violets scent the ground while laurels throw
 Their leafy shade o'er the green turf below,
 And borrow life from thee to crown some poet's
 DAM. Muse, thy last blessings sink below the first
 Ah wretched trifler! to array my dust
 In thy green flow'ry forms and think the payment
 Poor is my gain should nations join to praise,
 And now must chirping birds reward my lays
 What! shall the travels of my soul be paid
 With glow-worm light and with a leafy shade,
 Violets and creeping ivies? is this all
 The Muse can promise, or the poet call
 His glorious hope and joy? —
 Are these the honours of thy favorite sons,
 To have their flesh, their limbs, their mould'ring bones,
 Fatten the glebe to make a laurel grow,
 Which the foul carcass of a dog might do,
 Or any vile manure? Away, begone!
 Tempt me no more; I now renounce thy throne;
 My indignation swells. Here fetch me fire,
 Bring me my odes, the labours of the lyre;
 I doom them all to ashes. —

URAN. Rash man! restrain thy wrath, these odes are
 Small is thy right in gifts so much divine. [mine;

Was it thy skill that to a Saviour's name ^{quayl but}
 Strung David's harp, and drew th' illustrious theme }
 From smoking altars and a bleeding Lamb? ^{doe}
 Who form'd thy sounding shell? who fix'd the strings,
 Or taught thy hand to play eternal things? ^{you have}
 Was't not my aid that rais'd thy notes so high? ^{quail}
 And they must live till time and nature die. ^{do}
 Here heav'n and virtue reign; here joy and love ^{do}
 Tune the retir'd devotion of the grove, ^{to let} 100 }
 And train up mortals for the thrones above; ^{tom} 10 }
 Sinners shall start, and struck with dread divine ^{do}
 Shrink from the vengeance of some flaming line, ^{do}
 Shall melt in trickling woes for follies past, ^{edym} O
 Yet all amidst their piercing sorrows taste ^{him} 105
 The sweets of pious hope: Emanuel's blood ^{mag}
 Flows in the verse and seals the pardon good; ^{do}
 Salvation triumphs here, and heals the smart ^{do}
 Of wounded conscience and a breaking heart. ^{to} 109
 Youth shall learn temp'rance from these hallow'd
 Shall bind their passions in harmonious chains, ^{ff} strains,
 And virgins learn to love with cautious fear, ^{ow} ylt
 Nor Virtue needs her guard of blushes here: ^{do} ysm
 Matrons grown re'vend in their silver hairs ^{do} yvi
 Sooth the sad mem'ry of their ancient cares ^{ym} yit
 With these soft hymns, while on their trembling knee
 Sit their young offspring of the fourth degree ^{do}
 With list'ning wonder, till their infant-tongues ^{do}
 Stammers and lisps, and learns th' immortal song, ^U

And lays up the fair lesson to repeat 120
To the fourth distant age when sitting round their feet.

Each heav'n born heart shall chuse a fav'rite ode
To bear their morning homage to their God,
And pay their nightly vows. These sacred themes
Inspire the pillow with ethereal dreams, 125
And oft' amidst the burdens of the day
Some devout couplet wings the soul away,
Forgetful of this globe, Adieu the cares
Of mortal life! adieu the sins, the snares! 130
She talks with angels and walks o'er the stars.
Amidst th' exalted raptures of the lyre,
O'erwhelm'd with bliss, shall aged saints expire,
And mix their notes at once with some celestial choir. }

DAM. What holy sounds are these, what strains
Is it thy voice, O blest Urania! thine? [divine?]
Enough; I claim no more: my toils are paid, 136
My midnight-lamp and my o'erlabour'd head,
My early sighs for thy propitious pow'r,
And my wing'd zeal to seize the lyrick hour:
Thy words reward them all; and when I die 140
May the great Ruler of the rolling sky
Give thy predictions birth with blessings from his
I lay my flesh to rest with heart resign'd [eye,
And smiling hope. Arise my deathless mind,
Ascend where all the blissful passions flow 143
In sweeter numbers, and let mortals know
Urania leaves these Odes to cheer their toils below. }

REMnants of TIME EMPLOY'D IN VERSE.

Advertisement.

Dr. Watts's opinion about publishing these papers appears in the following advertisement prefixed to them by himself

THESE papers were written at several seasons and intervals of leisure, and on various occasions arising through the greatest part of my life. Many of them were designed to be published among the Reliquiæ Juveniles, but for some reason or other, not worth present notice, were laid by at that time. Whether I shall ever publish them I know not, though far the greatest part of them have long stood corrected among my manuscripts; nor do I suppose many of them inferior to those Essays and Remarks of this kind which have before appeared in the world with some acceptance. If they are not published in my lifetime my worthy friends who have the care of my papers may leave out what they please.

July 3. 1740.

L. The British fisherman.

Let Spain's proud traders, when the mast
Bends groaning to the stormy blast,
Run to their beads with wretched plaints,
And vow and bargain with their saints,
Lest Turkish silks or Tyrian wares
Sink in the drowning ship,
Or the rich dust Peru prepares
Defraud their long-projecting cares
And add new treasures to the greedy deep.

2. My little skiff, that skims the shores
 With half a sail and two short oars,
 Provides me food in gentler waves;
 But if they gape in wat'ry graves
 I trust th' Eternal Pow'r, whose hand
 Has swell'd the storm so high,
 To waft my boat and me to land,
 Or give some angel swift command
 To bear the drowning sailor to the sky.

LII. *Redemption.*

THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
 That brightest monument of praise
 That e'er the God of love design'd,
 Employs and fills my lab'ring mind.

2. Begin, my Muse, the heav'nly song,
 A burden for an angel's tongue:
 When Gabriel sounds these awful things
 He tunes and summons all his strings.

3. Proclaim inimitable love:
 Jesus! the Lord of worlds above,
 Puts off the beams of bright array,
 And veils the God in mortal clay.

4. What black reproach defil'd his name
 When with our sin he took our shame!
 The Pow'r whom kneeling angels bless
 Is made the impious rabble's jest!

5. He that distributes crowns and thrones
Hangs on a tree and bleeds and groans; W
The Prince of life resigns his breath; T
The King of glory bows to death. 20

6. But see the wonders of his pow'r, Y
He triumphs in his dying hour, A
And whilst by Satan's rage he fell I
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell. 24

7. Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd, W
And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood; S
Then he arose and reigns above, C
And conquers sinners by his love. 28

8. Who shall fulfil this boundless song? H
What vain pretender dares? W
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue, W
And Gabriel's harp despairs*. 32

LII. *Complaint and hope under great pain, 1736.*

'LORD! I am pain'd, but I resign A
To thy superiour will; T
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine, W
Appoints the pains I feel. 4

* In this ode there are three or four lines taken from Mr. Stennet's Sacramental Hymns; for when I found they express my thought and design in proper and beautiful language, I chose rather to borrow and to acknowledge the debt than to labour hard for worse lines, that I might have the poor pleasure of calling them my own.

2. Dark are thy ways of Providence,
While those that love thee groan;
Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense;
Mysterious and unknown.

3. Yet Nature may have leave to speak
And plead before her God,
Lest th' o'erburden'd heart should break
Beneath thy heavy rod.

4. Will nothing but such daily pain
Secure my soul from hell?
Canst thou not make my health attain
Thy kind designs as well?

5. How shall my tongue proclaim thy grace
While thus at home confin'd?
What can I write while painful flesh
Hangs heavy on the mind?

6. These groans and sighs and flowing tears
Give my poor spirit ease,
While ev'ry groan my Father hears
And ev'ry tear he sees.

7. Is not some smiling hour at hand
With peace upon its wings?
Give it, O God! thy swift command
With all the joys it brings.

LIII. *On an elegy writ by the Right Honourable the Countess of Hertford on the death of Mrs. Rowe, 1737.*

Struck with the sight of Philomela's urn
Eusebia weeps and calls her Muse to mourn;

While from her lips the tuneful sorrows fell
The groves confess a rising Philomel.

LIV. *Dr. Young's admirable description of the peacock enlarged.*

View next the peacock; what bright glories run
From plume to plume and vary in the sun!
Proudly he boasts them to the heavenly ray,
Gives all his colours and adorns the day.

Was it thy pencil, Job, divinely bold,
Dress his rich form in azure, green, and gold,
Thy hand his crest with starry radiance crown'd,
Or spread his sweepy train? his train disdains the
ground,

And kindles living lamps thro' all the spacious
Mark with what conscious state the bird displays
His native gems, and midst the waving blaze
On the slow step of majesty he moves,
Asserts his honours and demands his loves.

L.V. *Copies composed for the use of children at the writing school.*

ATTEND the advice of the old and the wise.
Be not angry nor fret, but forgive and forget.
Can you think it no ill to pilfer and steal?
Do the thing you are bid, nor be sullen when chid.
Envy none for their wealth or their honour or health.
Fear, worship, and love, the great God above.
Grow quiet and easy when fools try to tease ye.

Honour father and mother, love sister and brother. 7
 It is dang'rous folly to jest with things holy, or spot.
 Keep your books without blot and your clothes without
 Let your hands do no wrong, nor backbite with your
 Make haste to obey, nor dispute or delay. [tongue.
 Never stay within hearing of cursing and swearing,
 Offer God all the prime of your strength and your time;
 Provoke not the poor tho' he lie at your door. 15
 Quash all evil thoughts, and mourn for your faults.
 Remember the liar has his part in hell fire.
 Shun the wicked and rude, but converse with the good;
 Transgress not the rule, or at home or at school.
 Vie still with the best and excel all the rest. 20
 When you are at your play take heed what you say.
 X Excuse * but with truth the follies of youth.
 Yield a little for peace, and let quarrelling cease.
 Zeal and charity join'd make you pious and kind. 24

LVI. Copies containing the whole alphabet, or the twenty-four letters.

KNOWLEDGE shall be promoted by frequent exercise.
 Happy hours are quickly follow'd by amazing vexa-
 tions.

Quick-sighted men by exercise will gain perfection.
 A dazzling triumph quickly flown is but a gay vexa-
 tion.

* The letter X begins no English word, so that we must be-
 gin that line with Ex, unless the reader will chuse this in-
 stead of it, namely,

X is such a cross letter balks my morals and metre.

LVII. Copies composed of short letters, to teach to write
Even with ease.

VIRTUE in an eminent station raises our esteem.

Art comes in to imitate or assist nature.

Our most virtuous actions are not meritorious.

Conversation is a sweet entertainment to wise men.

Some inconveniencies await our easiest moments.

A covetous or an envious man is never at rest.

In verse.

ASTRONOMERS can trace a comet's various race.

Nor snow, nor ice, nor rain, were ever sent in vain.

No meaner creatures can converse or act as man.

Here no man is secure to sin or mourn no more.

Μηδ' ὕπνον μαλακοῖα· ἐπ' ὀνείροισι προσδ' ἔα δαί.

Πρὶν τῶν ἡμερινῶν ἔργων τρίς ἑκάστον ἐπαλθάν.

ἢ ἡ παρέσθην; ἢ δ' ἔρξα; ἢ μὲν δὴ οὐκ ἐπὶ κέλευ;

Ταῦτα σοὶ τῆς θύμης ἀρετῆς εἰς ἔχνη δάσαν.

Nor let soft slumber close your eyes

Before you've recollected thrice

The train of actions thro' the day:

Where have my feet chose out their way?

What have I learn'd where'er I've been

From all I've heard from all I've seen?

What know I more that's worth the knowing?

What have I done that's worth the doing?

What have I fought that I should shun?

What duty have I left undone,

Or into what new follies run?

These fell inquiries are the road
That leads to virtue and to God.

— Fas est et ab hoste doceri. *Virg.*

SEIZE upon truth where'er 't is found,
Amongst your friends amongst your foes,
On Christian or on Heathen ground;
The flower 's divine where'er it grows:
Neglect the prickles and assume the rose.

URBEM quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem, quò sæpe solemus
Pastores ovium teneros depellere sætus,

Thus Englished.
FOOL that I was, I thought imperial Rome
Like market-towns where once a week we come,
And thither drive our tender lambs from home.

— UT sibi quisvis
Speret idem; sudet multum, frustra que laboret
Ausus idem. *Hor. de Art. Poet.*

SMOOTH be your style, and plain and natural,
To strike the sons of Wapping or Whitechapel:
While others think this easy to attain
Let them but try, and with their utmost pain
They'll sweat and strive to imitate in vain.

STULTORUM inentato pudor malus plura celat.

Hor. Epist. 16. Lib. 1.

In English thus.

If fools have ulcers and their pride conceal them
They must have ulcers still, for none can heal 'em.

AUDITUM admissi risum teneatis amici?
Ridentem dicere verum Quid vetat? *Hor.*

CAN it be faulty to repeat
A dialogue that walk'd the street?
Or can my gravest friends forbear
A laugh when such disputes they hear?

————— Et nos
Consilium dedimus Syllæ, privatus ut altum
Dormiret. *Juv. Sat. 1.*

WHARE with men-boys I strove to get renown,
Advising Sylla to a private gown
That he might sleep the sounder.

————— I Demens, et feras corre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias. *Juv. Sat. 10.*

GO climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool!
To please the boys and be a theme at school.

THIRTY days have September,
June and April and November;
February twenty-eight alone;
All the rest have thirty-one.

Volume VII. R

COMPUTE the pence but of one day's expense,
 So many pounds and angels, groats and pence,
 Are spent in one whole year's circumference. 3

Ex magnâ cenâ stomacho fit maxima pœna:
 Ut sis nocte levis, sit tibi cœna brevis. *Prov.*

Englisbed.

To be easy all night
 Let your supper be light,
 Or else you'll complain
 Of a stomach in pain. 4

SEGNUS irritant animos demissa per aurem,
 Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
 Ipse sibi tradit spectator. *Hor.*

Applied thus in English.

SOUNDS which address the ear are lost and die
 In one short hour, but that which strikes the eye
 Lives long upon the mind; the faithful sight
 Engraves the knowledge with a beam of light. 4

SCRIBENDI rectè sapere est et principium et fons;
 Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur. 4

Hor. de Art. Poet.

GOOD teaching from good knowledge springs;
 Words will make haste to follow things.

SANCTIUS his animal, mentisque capacious altæ
 Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cætera posset,
 Natus homo est. Sive hunc divino semine creatum
 Ille opifex rerum, mundi melioris origo, 4

Finxit in effigiem moderantùm cuncta deorum :
 Pronaque cum spectent animalia cætera terram
 Os homini sublime dedit, cælumque tueri
 Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.

Ovid.

Thus in English.

A Creature of a more exalted kind
 Was wanting yet, and then was man design'd,
 Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
 For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest ;
 Whether with particles of heav'nly fire 3
 The God of nature did his soul inspire,
 And borrowing from our earth, on that blest day,
 Our new-made earth, a better sort of clay,
 And moulding up the mass in shape like ours,
 Form'd a bright image of th' allruling Pow'rs. 10
 Whilst all the mute creation downwards bend
 Their sight, and to their earthy mother tend,
 Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
 Beholds his own hereditary skies. 14

*According to the vulgar philosophy the planets may be thus
 described in their order.*

THE Earth, the centre of the world,
 Sees all the planets round her hurl'd,
 The Moon keeps always near ;
 Then Mercury, Venus, and the Sun,
 And Mars and Jove, their circuits run,
 And Saturn's highest sphere. 6

Or thus, according to the new philosophy.

FIRST Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars,
Then rolls the Earth among the stars,
And round the earth the Moon;
Venus and Mercury are next;
The Sun is in the centre fixt,
And makes a glorious noon.

The twelve signs may be thus described:

THE Ram, the Bull, the heav'nly Twins,
And near the Crab the Lion shines,
The Virgin and the Scales;
The Scorpion, Archer, and Seagoat,
The Man that holds the waterpot
And Fish with glitt'ring tails.

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THE END.

